JOHN BULL, week ending January 1st, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV] 1959

3d EVERY THURSDAY

BLUE PRINT FOR 1944 By The EDITOR

MRS. FLUKE RETURNS By B. L. JACOT

YEAR OF DELIVERANCE by A. G. G.

BOVRIL will carry you through the winter.

Doesn't

BOURNVILLE

make dried milk delicious!

CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

NO POINTS – AND STILL ONLY 9½d HALF LB

On Active Service

Electricity is mobilised for victory

in the factories to-day where weapons of victory are forged: in the homes of to-morrow—your home—where the fruits of victory will be enjoyed. Save fuel to-day.

EDA

F--DF--S

Quiz Corner

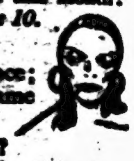
Is Father as all-wise as he thinks he is? Does Mother know her P's and Q-pons? Here's the way to find out! Make a game of these questions round the fire this evening and see whether the men or the womenfolk score the highest. The total score is 55. 50 is excellent; 40 not bad; anything less than 30 is—probably Father!

1 Which of these is the correct way to wash cooking fat so that it can be used again?
(*a*) Pour boiling water over it; (*b*) Rub through a fine sieve; (*c*) Bring to the boil in water, pour into a bowl; when set, lift off and scrape underneath.
(*d*) Hold it under running cold water. *Score 10.*

2 (*a*) Is this statement true or false?
A child needs more meat than a man does.
(*b*) What is the value of Points coupons A, B and C?
Score 5 for each question, full score 10.

3 (*a*) How many yolks and how many whites are in a 1/3 packet of Dried Eggs? (*b*) How many packets are you allowed this month?
Score 5 for eqe correct answer, full score 10.

4 What is (or are) Rose Hips?
(*a*) Name of a famous woman spy; (*b*) An Eastern dance; (*c*) Pods of the wild rose, rich in Vitamin C; (*d*) Name of a Russian Folk Song. *Score 10.*



5 How much priority milk are children under six allowed?
Score 5.

6 Two of the following are provided by the Government for children under six. Which two? (*a*) cocoa; (*b*) cod liver oil; (*c*) cornflour; (*d*) tomato juice; (*e*) orange juice.
Full score 10; one correct answer 5.

PENALTIES: Ask Mother if she's filled in section A at the top of page 35 of the ration book. If not, she must deduct 5 from her total! Did Father offer anybody some of his sweet ration this Christmas? If not, he loses 5 from his score.

ANSWERS

1—(*c*). 2 (*a*) True. A child needs actually more meat for its body weight than a man does. This is because meat is the kind of food (called protein) which is needed by the body for making new tissue and bones. (*b*)—A, 1; B, 2; C, 2. 3—(*a*) 12 yolks and 12 whites—1*a*. 12 whole eggs. (*b*) 2 for adults, 4 for green ration books. 4—Pods of the wild rose. 5—7 pints of milk a week for green ration book holders. 6—(*b*) and (*e*).

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

Food Facts No. 183 *Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1*

SAVE FUEL FOR BATTLE!

DON'T FORGET THE CINDERS

THIS WEEK'S REMINDER BY FUEL WATCHER

- Cinders are burnable fuel.
- If cinders were properly used in every household, the home consumption of coal would be 750,000 tons less each year.
- 750,000 tons of coal is sufficient to produce the steel for making 10 battleships.
- Riddle your ashes. Use your cinders in lighting the fire.

WHEN WATER IS HOT, SLOW DOWN BOILER BY BANKING WITH YESTERDAY'S CINDERS

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

'CAMP' COFFEE

Don't blame your grocer if you have to 'WAIT FOR IT'

GOOD COFFEE **CONCENTRATED**

Sustaining because it's made with chocolate for staying-power

Energising because it contains Glucose, to give quick energy

Nourishing because milk gives it extra nutrition

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 1, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

VERB. SAP

● **Have you seen those pictures of our men in Italy?**

Well, look at them again. Look at the Tommies snatching a sleep between battles, lying in foxholes with overcoats flung over them to keep out the frost, the sleet, and the icy rain. Such is the sleep of exhaustion.

But they won't say anything about it when they write home. And that's a pity—for it may make all the difference to their income when the fighting is done.

You see, if a soldier writes home at the time to mention that he has been lying on sodden ground and has been wet through for days, and should he later contract some disability because of such exposure, his application for a pension could not be rejected for lack of evidence.

Fighting men take privations for granted. "Hard living" is part of war. And Tommy, even though he may enjoy the Briton's privilege of "grousing," rarely bothers to write home about his hardships.

But when he does, don't destroy those letters!

Straight from the Shoulder

COMING EVENTS

THE approach of shattering military operations in the West has been heralded anew.

We know now that the greatest expedition ever to be despatched from this island base will be under the supreme direction of an American, and the choice is a just one. For two reasons.

Three to One

One was baldly indicated in the news of his appointment: the force that must hammer its way through the massive defences-in-depth of Hitler's fortress will have nearly three American soldiers to every Tommy.

Our losses hitherto, though not nearly so crippling as in the last war, have been far heavier than those of our American comrades. This fact is now likely to be reversed—Washington speakers have even predicted half a million American casualties during the next ninety days.

By reason of its population figures, the U.S. would be better able to afford so fearsome a loss than ourselves—and neither Washington nor Moscow would want to see an enfeebled Britain when the time comes to rebuild Europe.

General "Ike"

The second reason is the personality of the man chosen for the biggest job—Eisenhower.

He has proved himself peculiarly able to extract the best from his fighting generals. He is a first-rate administrator, an expert at "fixing" difficulties. Above all, men like working with him.

"Monty" the Leader

And, because men like fighting with "Monty," the choice of a fighting commander for the British forces has been equally wise. The man who led the Eighth Army to dazzling successes will have a unique opportunity to win greater triumphs.

The American General Spaatz has been well groomed by our own Tedder for his new air command. Maitland Wilson for the Mediterranean, Alexander to remain in command in Italy—these appointments, too, show the shape of things to come.

Softening-Up

And there are other moves to cast shadows on the German military scene: the terrific bombing of the Continent; the bombing of Sofia and Greece, Tito's new status as a full Allied commander, the conferences in Cairo.

Such news means that we must watch the Balkans as well as Western Europe.

Tito's Strong Arm

Tito would give mighty assistance if we invaded Yugoslavia. The Albanians would help us to liberate them.

In Greece, thanks to unnamed British officers working with them, the rival guerilla forces are now likely to fight as a body against the common enemy instead of brawling among themselves. And waiting in Africa are considerable forces of fine Greek soldiers who are impatient to carry the war into their own country.

In Italy Now

And Italy? We must regard that now as a secondary campaign.

It is a hard, slow job. (In this respect, JOHN BULL's predictions seem to have been more accurate than the lofty hopes of High Authority.) But it is only fair to our military commanders to add that they have made the best of appalling conditions and a changing strategy.

Spring-Clean

There is no excuse, however, for the political blundering which continues to bewilder Italian democrats and honest men everywhere.

We should not wait for Spring to clean up the system of Fascist officials and corrupt police in that part of Italy which we are said to have "liberated."

Incidentally, isn't it also time we stated exactly what is meant by that vague term, "Unconditional Surrender"?

Russia Advances

Meanwhile, Russia continues to liberate her soil by scores of miles a day. The great winter offensive in the north is driving the enemy back to the Baltic borders; it will spread southwards as the ground hardens; soon it should become a battering-ram 1,800 miles broad.

Not for three months can there be a thaw to afford a respite for the enemy.

Attack

Sometime soon, obviously, our attack in the West must begin. Experts can forecast only a few days when weather conditions are likely to be absolutely suitable.

Those dates must be known to the enemy. *Where*, not *When*, is thus the only way in which we can take him by surprise.

Secret Weapons

He may hope to surprise us first by those "secret weapons" which have long since ceased to be either secret or surprising.

It may be that the R.A.F. attack on the German experimental station at Peenemunde came a little late—but not too late. For it is clear that the new devices have not yet been perfected; the enemy admits that they cannot be employed till next month at the earliest.

Meanwhile, the heavy bombing of the French coast must have added to his difficulties.

Complete Circle

Weeks ago it was pointed out in these columns that the bombing circle round Europe had been completed. Recent raids on Germany from Britain and Africa have provided the confirmation.

There is official news, too, of the enemy's switch from bomber to fighter production. Now, even his fighter strength is having to be switched from one side of Germany to the other, and from Germany to the French coast, in an attempt to meet our bomber attacks.

On the Move

German civilians, too, are on the move.

Evacuation of mothers and children from target areas is proving a bigger problem than the Nazis feared in their worst nightmares.

Those sent to Poland and the Baltic States had to be moved back for fear of the Russian advance. Many are now being transported still farther west—to Holland.

F. D. R.'s Position

To go to the extreme West, sniping at Roosevelt is again a popular American pastime.

There is no opposition to his war policy. But in home affairs the hatred which Big Business has always borne him has never been more blatantly expressed.

F. D. R. is too liberal to please all his people all the time.

Beveridge Again

Over here, the position is in exact reverse. The Government is attacked not for trying a New Deal, but for not producing one quickly enough. And once more impatience is likely to be brought to bursting point by a man who is certainly no politician.

"Beveridge again!" the Diehards will soon be sneering. For Sir William's plan for Full Employment will be no less revolutionary than his scheme for Social Security.

Question Mark

That much is certain. His exact proposals, however, are not yet known. The public will wait to judge them on their merit, but the attitude of Officialdom is already one of cold suspicion. So we are entitled to say by its refusal to allow the Civil Service to give him any assistance.

Well, the test will be whether Officialdom can produce anything better—and when.

Cabinet Changes

We may get an indication how the wind is whistling down Whitehall when the next batch of Government reshuffles is announced.

The people in the Forces and the munition factories will not be content much longer with unsubstantial assurances of changes to come.

Mr. Churchill, we must hope, will return from convalescence fit enough and fresh enough for vast military operations *and* drastic political decisions.

(Continued overleaf)

JOHN BULL'S WARTIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1944

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

AND COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS FOR EVERY READER

On the threshold of the most vital year of the war, our readers look to "John Bull" to give them again that unique protection which they have come to regard as an essential part of their wartime lives. They will not look in vain.

"John Bull" is proud to announce that its unparalleled Wartime Security Gift will continue to operate in 1944. All the benefits and conditions remain in force as in 1943, the provisional date of termination of the benefits now being December 31st, 1944.

"John Bull" offers free to registered readers an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against

AIR RAIDS! GAS ATTACKS! BOMBARDMENT!

This policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom. The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, including Home Guards, Police, Civil Defence, N.F.S., Spotters, and Fire Guards.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

are also provided covering registered readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by Fire, Storm, Flood, Lightning, Burglary, etc.

Registered readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1944 Free Wartime Security Gift, which supersedes all schemes previously in force. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. Registration Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THIS is the week for good resolutions and the Government is keeping in line To strengthen its long-term housing programme several short-term measures are being worked out.

We shall hear details of them any day now. They are entirely good.

Ready to Live In

On the opposite page the Government's long-term plans are discussed. Here are the temporary measures. Ready-made houses (pre-fabricated is the fashionable word) are to be provided in crowded areas Wartime hostels are to be turned into workers' flats; and Army Nissen huts are to become temporary homes.

Scotland has already set an example by the conversion of more than a hundred of these Nissen huts.

Sordid Misery

There may be criticism on the ground that huts can never be homes. But such criticism will only come from people who have never really suffered from the housing shortage.

JOHN BULL is a hundred per cent. behind the Government. Because we know the sordid misery that is being caused up and down the country by the lack of decent accommodation.

Five Years' Wait

Take the case of a Glasgow soldier who has written to us this week. He's an artilleryman, has had his name down for a corporation house for nearly five years

Whenever he's home on leave he gets out of bed in the morning determined to try to find his family a proper home.

"Shake Them Up"

Gets out of bed—yes. Let's give the crude facts. He gets up from a bed in which his wife, two boys and two girls are sleeping.

It's in a single apartment room, too small for another bed.

Do you blame the soldier for his bitter comment: "I hope you can shake up the authorities, as they don't seem to care so long as they are all right themselves."

Done Out of Job

And joos. . . We've had some warm praise for Mr. Bevin and his general principles for returning Servicemen to the work they were doing before they were called up But there are already plenty of reports coming in to show how difficult it's going to be to put those principles into practice.

A discharged soldier has written to us from Swansea to describe how he's been done out of his job.

Medical Result

When he came out of the Forces he was told that his work was waiting for him but that he'd have to have a "medical" first. He went before his old firm's doctor.

The result was that they told him he could not be accepted as a labourer.

Case to Note

He is thirty-four. There are men doing the work who are over sixty. The firm is not going to take any risks with a man discharged from the Army.

Mr. Tomlinson, Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Labour, deservedly won commendation when he told Parliament of the Government's plans for rehabilitating ex-Servicemen.

He might well take note of this case.

Two Standards

Homes, jobs. Now health. The Beveridge plan forecasts a vastly extended scheme of dental treatment. The idea—the ideal, rather—is that the standard of private dental treatment should not be lowered; that the National Health Insurance standard should be raised.

That won't work—until there's some drastic official guidance.

And Two Prices

A correspondent, whose professional opinion we value, puts the matter briefly.

Almost every dentist, he says, has private and insurance patients. In the trade papers he sees an advertisement offering "A national tooth for national health insurance dentures. Owing to their low cost . . . teeth are specially recommended."

And by its side another advertisement: "*Quality dentures for private patients. . . . When your panel fees are fixed at a low level it is essential that your denture construction be put on a sound commercial basis.*"

Dental Quandary

What is the dentist to do? Services under the N.H.I. are supposed to be equal to the best services offered privately. Any dentist contrasting private and insurance standards is liable to be very roughly handled by the approved societies.

It's high time the whole matter was cleared up. We need not wait for the Beveridge plan to get past the vested interests before that's done.

C.O. or Q.C.?

We find so many cases of red tape for this page that we sometimes wonder whether we are too critical.

All doubts are dispelled by a letter this week from a reader who lives at Yardley, Birmingham. Her husband in the R.E.M.E. applied for compassionate posting. Whether he gets it or not isn't the point. The point is that his application was returned because it was wrongly addressed. He had written to the Commanding Officer instead of the Officer Commanding.

Against Rules

A young Belgian woman, knocked down in a London street, lay injured on the pavement for a quarter of an hour before she was taken to the hospital about two hundred yards away.

It was "against the rules" at the hospital to send anyone out with a stretcher.

In Seven Minutes

So a motorist had to tell a policeman, who investigated, phoned for an L.C.C. ambulance.

In seven minutes' time the ambulance arrived and took the injured woman on her two hundred yards journey.

This may astonish even the authorities. If it does, they may have the name of the hospital.

Commendable Fraud

A Blackpool man was fined the other day for procuring a workman's ticket on the tram by fraud. He committed the technical offence deliberately—and we don't blame him.

His idea was to show up the absurdity of the regulations. Artisans and daily labourers are allowed cheap rates. Clerical workers (earning much less) have to pay full fare if their wages are more than £3 15s. a week.

Regulations like this should not only be shown up. They should be abolished.

More Skill, Less Pay

Talking about relative rates of pay. There's a curious anomaly as a result of the new scale for farmworkers which came into force three weeks ago.

An ordinary labourer gets 65s. for a 48-hour week in winter. A skilled worker gets 69s. for 52 hours. Reasonable farmers are ignoring the official rates and are paying according to merit. But there are many cases of more skill, less pay.

Half Hour to Shop

We'd like to make a New Year plea to other unreasonable employers—the sort who don't seem to understand the difficulties of wartime shopping.

A North London reader works in an office from 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. and till noon on Saturday. During her lunch hour the local tradesmen close. She has half an hour in the whole week in which to buy her rations. Her employer thinks that is ample.

Roaring Coupon Trade

In the Willesden and Shepherds Bush areas of London there are plenty of people with time to shop. We have reports that they're busy buying up clothes coupons. Poor people are being paid 25s. for 20 coupons. In Shepherds Bush there's a roaring trade in whole books at £2 a time.

War Time Security—

During and since the Battle of Britain over £80,000 has been paid to JOHN BULL readers in Air Raid Benefits alone.

Under this unparalleled Wartime Charter of Protection JOHN BULL offers to every reader a Free Air Raid Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, which covers husband and wife and provides benefits for death or injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied, or Home Defence Forces, anywhere in the United Kingdom.

For All Readers

Comprehensive Household Benefits are also provided, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by Fire, Storm, Flood, Lightning, Burglary, etc., as announced on page 3.

Just a Reminder

You listened, of course, to Lord Woolton's Christmas broadcast appeal for the "Wireless for the Blind" Fund. And you haven't forgotten, we hope, to send your donation along. It would be hard to find a better cause!

Careful Consideration

In our issue dated December 11 we cited the case of an offer made to the Ministry of Food to supply 200,000 tons of meat at below prevailing prices.

We now learn that the Ministry has spent a great deal of time investigating this offer, which was only turned down after exhaustive inquiries.

★ **LADY RHYS WILLIAMS,** ★

prospective Liberal candidate for Ilford, has some interesting ideas about allowances on the Beveridge lines. She's put up a scheme which has been approved by the Liberal Women's Federation. Broadly, she proposes that there should be benefits of 10s. a week for every child and £1 a week for every housewife. This (she thinks) could be met by a flat rate of 7s. in the £ income tax for everyone getting more than £148 a year.

* * *

These without dependants would pay about as much as they do now, but workers with families would be very much better off. For instance, a married man with two children earning £3 a week would receive an additional 38s. when in work.

* * *

All this needs careful consideration. But the idea has one thing to recommend it right away. At present the well-to-do receive income tax allowances of 10s. a child, with the prospect of another 5s. for every child except the first. Those below the taxable limit have only the 5s. to look forward to.

* * *

If Lady Rhys Williams can get that unfairness put right, she'll do well.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **The Prime Minister has asked for his paints and brushes—and they have been sent. So don't expect him back for a few weeks!**
- *"Tito of Greece," the so-far-anonymous leader of Greek guerillas, is expected to come into the news within a few days. His personal record, ability and following will not be much behind his Yugoslav equivalent.*
- Shortage of able field-commanders is compelling Hitler to resurrect a number of generals. Most prominent among them is von Blaskowitz, who is now reported to be holding important command on the Western front.
- **Dr. Morell, the Fuehrer's personal physician, no longer controls German health services. Recent German 'flu wave has revealed serious flaws in his organisation; so a military doctor has got the job.**
- *German schools and universities are being closed for the next two months. Coal shortage is the reason officially given. Real reason is to allow serious spirit of unrest to die down.*
- Seyss-Inquart, Nazi Governor of Holland, is on a tour of Norway and Denmark. He is not expected to return to his post in the Hague and German military administration will replace his own.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

BLUEPRINT FOR 1944

AS we enter what should certainly prove to be the last year of the war in Europe, preparation for peace should be the main concern of our Home Front leaders.

Last week we recalled the chief advances towards social justice and economic reform which were made by this country in 1943.

This week we outline the tasks which most urgently need to be fulfilled during the coming year.

Housing must be given first priority. The Government has recognised this in Lord Woolton's ten-year programme for the building of 400,000 houses a year.

But new homes are not to be conjured, like rabbits, out of any magician's hat. They cannot be built without sufficient supplies of labour and material.

And they cannot satisfy the people's needs unless they are built in the right places at a reasonable price.

It follows that the Government should make immediate plans for the demobilisation of enough skilled men in the building industry and allied trades to make full use of whatever material may be available at any given time.

JOHN BULL holds that the demobilisation problem cannot be solved by considerations of age and length of service alone.

If we mean to have full employment, we shall have to recall from the Services those key-men whose preliminary work will be necessary for reconstruction.

We *must* regulate the queue for Civvy Street. And the best way to do so would be to tell the men and women in the Forces why, in their own interest, some of their comrades will have to be given places which may seem "out of turn."

The Supply Departments have to grapple with the biggest building job in our national history. They need to accumulate a mountain of material.

In the early days of reconstruction speed may count for more than anything else. Therefore, we need cut-and-dried plans for the switch-over from war to civilian production.

These plans will certainly have to include price control of essential materials; they may necessitate control of quarries, cement factories, and so on; and the close study of pre-fabrication possibilities is clearly advisable.

Above all, the Government should bear in mind the vital importance of balancing the supply of labour and materials so that there will always be enough stuff for the job, with enough men to use it.

Finally, the national housing problem for 1944 calls imperatively for the adoption of the Uthwatt Report in full, because the nation can never be housed decently and economically until the State can secure the land it needs at a fair price.

THE Uthwatt Report is more than two years old. It does not present anything like a complete way out of land purchase difficulties.

But its adoption would give the State the basic powers it needs to buy at a reasonable valuation whatever land is required for public purposes or approved private development.

And it would enable local authorities to go ahead with their own schemes in confidence of Government support and without fear of land speculators.

Employment for all, as we have said here, is the avowed policy of the Government, just as it is the supreme wish of the country.

An adequate housing programme such as we have just outlined would help to implement this policy and is an essential preliminary to it.

But all our major industries need to be replanned.

The decline in coal output and the hotch-potch of compromises and short-term expedients by which it is hoped to increase production all stress this general need.

We urge the Government to begin by taking the Barlow Report out of its dusty pigeonhole and passing its recommendations into law.

The siting and arrangement and, perhaps, the general zoning of industrial plants must be studied under any policy of expansion. Here, again, the State needs freedom to act in the interests of the community, no matter what clash with privilege may be incurred.

After the war this country will be dependent more than ever before upon its export trade. British workmanship is second to none, but we shall have to go all out for modern equipment and modern methods if we are to retain our place in the world's markets.

Mining, as we have pointed out above, is now in a deplorable condition, but it remains the keystone of our economic structure.

This year, at all costs, the Government must stop the rot in this all-important national industry.

Though the men's leaders have accepted, in principle, Major Lloyd George's proposals for regional control of the pits under Group Production Directors appointed by the State, JOHN BULL demands the scrapping of the dual control system itself.

Sooner or later Parliament will have to face the nationalisation issue, for the State cannot reasonably accept responsibility for production while leaving the owners to hold the financial reins.

Mechanisation should be speeded up. Every pit should be equipped with the latest types of machinery and the most up-to-date amenities for the workers.

In short, mining needs to be made a truly national service, offering wages and conditions which will compare favourably with those obtainable in easier occupations.

Let us face the truth that, until our young men know they can make a career of coal-mining, with good pay, security, and good prospects, the industry must continue to decline, and our richest natural resource will be nothing but a wasting asset.

Transport reorganisation is the fourth of the national tasks which should be planned and started this year.

Co-ordination of all forms of transport is essential to any sound reconstruction programme, and we advocate once again the establishment of a Ministry of Communication for this purpose.

The war has opened our eyes to the folly and waste of cut-throat competition both at home and abroad.

We have been compelled, at least partially, to rationalise the distributive trade and to introduce State control of the means of transport themselves.

Some measure of control will have to be maintained after the war unless we are content to slip back into the old scramble for profits by a host of useless middlemen and speculators.

The Board of Trade, through the existing controls, has gained enough experience to prepare a census of distribution. It should do this without further delay.

ZONING may have to continue far into the coming peace. Moreover, there is a strong case for the continuance of the present system of food distribution, which is saving the country 25,000,000 gallons of petrol a year.

Transport is an essentially national problem, but pre-war Governments never treated it as such.

They did not, or would not, realise how dependent all other industries are upon the cheap and businesslike distribution of goods.

Just as the best interests of this community can only be served by cutting out wasteful competition at home, so the best interests of mankind can only be secured by eliminating it between nation and nation.

War is the most wasteful of human activities; waste of men or materials may be the chief cause of future wars.

Let that be remembered through 1944 by all the leaders of the United Nations in their plans for the coming peace!

No Mystery About This Student

INTO the German military scene strides a sinister figure; his prominence is due to ingenious propaganda.

His name is General Student, and the whole ballyhoo around him is designed to frighten the Allies.

He is the instrument of yet another attempt by Goebbels to conjure up before the minds of our military leaders "a secret weapon" which will finally turn the tide of war in Germany's favour.

He is best known as one of the pioneers of the German airborne organisation, a fifty-year-old paratrooper who is credited with personal courage and military enterprise.

★ ★ ★

When the Nazis invaded Holland he was captured by the Dutch, who also found useful military plans.

As he was injured he could not be taken to safety before the Germans swept onwards and conquered the whole of Holland. They rescued him.

Later, he led the paratroop attack on Crete. After that silence fell over him. Now, suddenly, he has burst into the news in a big way.

See what Student can do! the Nazis say. Student, in fact, is the only German general who has scored "successes" within the last twelve months!

And, the Germans believe, they are successes which can fire the imagination of the Germans just as they might frighten the Allies.

★ ★ ★

First success was the "rescue of Mussolini" by an airborne detachment of Student's special S.S. troops.

"No Nazi ally need fear to be left in the lurch!" screamed the German Press when Mussolini had been snatched from Badoglio, and Student was shown proudly decorating the leader of the Nazi rescuers.

Subtly the Nazis hinted that, if they can get Mussolini, they might even capture important Allied leaders in the same way. Student is capable of everything, they suggest.

Next, Student organised the German counter-attacks on the Dodecanese Islands. Again the Nazis triumphantly put the spotlight on him. Again they try to hint that, with Student's help, nothing is lost.

They are, of course, silent about the most important subject. But it is not a long guess that Student's paratroopers were the spies who were dropped in the Middle East to obtain information about the great Teheran Conference and, if possible, assassinate its leaders.

Though most of them were rounded up, the Nazis would not mind if the Allied military leaders drew the conclusion that Student's men can penetrate everywhere and everything, cause chaos and sabotage and generally disarrange Allied offensive plans.

★ ★ ★

A forlorn hope! For if the glamour of Nazi propaganda is stripped from him, Student is no mystery man.

He is just another of the German gangster generals on whom Hitler is forced to rely more and more since his real military leaders have proved failures on all fronts.

And there can be no doubt that the Allied High Command will know how to deal with them.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OPEN LETTERS

Tito, still one of the war's "unknown men," is now a full Allied Commander

Marshal (and Allied Commander) TITO, Leader of Yugoslav Partisans

DEAR MARSHAL,—Only a man of steel—and you were once a steelworker—could have survived and resisted the tide of armed German aggression that swept over your country.

The Nazis have put a high price on your head. They fear the power you wield; and they mount full-scale attacks in vain attempts to wipe out your inspired army of nearly 200,000 partisans.

Other unhappy countries in Europe might to-day have been containing German fighting divisions had they been blessed with leaders like you. An army such as yours, operating in every enslaved land, would hasten Hitler's inevitable end.

When that end comes the guerillas of Yugoslavia will rank high in the Victory Roll of Honour. Under your drive and steadfast faith they have shown to the world what free men can do when they resolve to regain the freedom of their soil.

Britain is helping you; will help you more as a result of the agreement reached in Cairo.

But the real strength of your army lies not in its guns and grenades but in the hearts of the tough fighting men who compose it.

There is domestic trouble ahead—the question of your country's future. I will not comment on the unhappy rivalry that exists to-day.

Yet I am convinced that the people of Yugoslavia will demand, and get, that form of government they desire and merit.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. J. MALLON, Warden of Toynbee Hall

DEAR DR. MALLON.—Our children in the past have suffered in varying degree a cultural starvation, especially so far as the theatre is concerned. Only at Christmas-time, when Peter Pan flies again and the rainbow ends, do the kiddies glimpse the delight which should be theirs all the year round

Your plan to start a children's theatre in London, and your hope that eventually every town in Britain will follow suit, are signs that the youngsters are not forgotten.

You want to bring to the child mind a lasting appreciation of beauty in words, in spirit, in endeavour. Nothing is so effective as the theatre to instil that sense of beauty in the minds of the young.

And I know of no man in Britain better fitted than you to lead the campaign you have inspired.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman E. SPENCE, Middlesbrough Education Committee

DEAR SIR,—When your committee considered a proposal that school children should be given talks on sex matters, you opposed the idea. You contended that the committee were "tending to make sinning easier by giving information which would be an outrage to young children."

In your opinion, it was an attempt to teach young people how they could have every desire of the body and avoid the consequences.

Why must people like you prostitute sex, make it an unclean, evil thing?

Why must you back the forces of ignorance and stupidity—which are the despair of all who would approach sex as an important factor in life and not as a dark urge to vice and corruption?

Why must you condemn the enlightenment of the child mind in decent, open fashion, and prefer the furtive smut of the street?

There is plenty of evidence in the north side of your town of the consequences of ignorance. And those who would build a better Middlesbrough must wonder, with this squalor in their midst, how any member of any education committee *dare* oppose the spread of vital knowledge and support the forces of darkness.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BEVIN,—For once I have no axe, political, social or otherwise, to grind with you. Let's try some personal topic for a change.

You told Parliament, before it rose for Christmas, that working people had suffered under compulsion all their lives without knowing it; and you added: "I have never liked the fact that my choice in life has been restricted by the alternative of poverty of myself or of my family."

Think again, Mr. Bevin. You know as well as I do that poverty and the fear of poverty create the urge to dwell beyond the shadow of those fears. *You* were compelled to fend for yourself. (And a magnificent fending it has turned out to be.)

Maybe lack of money restricted in your early days your personal tastes and desires. But it didn't restrict your ambitions, your intelligence, your development and your zeal for reform. Poverty helped you to become one of Britain's leaders.

And though you may argue to the contrary I doubt whether Mr. Bevin, Cabinet Minister, would be with us to-day if baby Ernest Bevin had been born of rich parents.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. FREEMAN COUTTS, Liabilities Adjustment Officer, London

DEAR SIR,—Many men and women in this country are worried to-day about liability for wartime debts. Most of them, I imagine, do not know that you and eighteen others like you, with offices in various towns, are "financial doctors" appointed to advise and help so far as the Liabilities (War-Time Adjustment) Act of 1941 allows.

For two and a half years now you have awaited that real flood of work which has not yet come. But as the end of the war draws nearer and the problems of peace begin to demand attention, there is little doubt that the work will come.

It is a pity that so many people are carrying a burden of financial care when that burden might have been eased considerably had you been called in for "consultation."

These people are the innocent victims of the war. They have been uprooted from their homes; some of them have lost their businesses. They have little idea of how they stand and have only vague fears of what they owe.

And all who seek your advice will, I am sure, be treated with the consideration they deserve.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Col. H. C. PEIRCE, Commanding Eltham Battalion, H.G.

DEAR COLONEL,—After devoting time and trouble to raising money for the purchase of instruments, you cannot persuade your men to volunteer to play them.

You think, no doubt, that Home Guards' battalions should have bands; that the martial spirit is best engendered by blaring brass; and that marching to music is a grand tonic for men who toil in factories and offices.

I, in turn, think that the Home Guard was formed for the *sole* purpose of defending Britain against invasion; that middle-aged men sacrificing time and energy to training for battle are not children to be stirred by the trappings of military pomp and splendour.

I think, too, that your men show admirable taste in turning mute lips to the uninviting prospect of wasting good breath on cornets, trombones and bassoons.—JOHN BULL.

Argue it Out — By Pallas

Are Your Children Stupid?

SURGEON-COMMANDER J. A. FRASER ROBERTS, F.R.S., formerly Director of the Burden Mental Research Trust, Bristol, is another man who fears for the future of Britain.

★ ★ ★

He told the Eugenics Society in London that Britons as a nation are becoming more and more stupid. He declared: "Not only is the present trend of population towards smaller numbers; a rapid decline in quality is also taking place.

"The four most intelligent people in every hundred," he went on, "will be replaced by three in the next generation, while the four dullest will be replaced by five.

"This is the inevitable result of a state of affairs in which the most intelligent members of the community have only one-third of the number of children born to the least intelligent."

Rarely have I read such nonsense. I could fill this whole issue of JOHN BULL with factual stories which prove that intelligence knows neither class nor social barrier.

★ ★ ★

I could tell you about the men I know who have come from poor homes—the "stupid" product of men and women who loved children and who had those children despite the sacrifice and near-poverty they entailed.

Look around, Surgeon-Commander Fraser-Roberts. Read of the men who have come from the little streets and homes of Britain. In them is intelligence. In them is initiative. In them is the virtue of effort, of endurance, and of enterprise.

The *real* stupidity in the Britain of the past has been the ignorance and folly of the "ruling" classes who throughout the centuries strongly contested the idea that there *could* be any intelligence in a man or woman born of toiling, suffering parents.

From the homes of struggle have evolved men who themselves have struggled against life, smashed down barriers, discovered continents, battled against social prejudices, and inspired the weary hearts of the masses.

In this country to-day are scores of thousands of intelligent people who, for lack of training and proper guidance, are unable to turn their mental qualities into solid achievement.

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Generations ago when large families were general, and not confined as they seem to be to-day to poorer parents, the upper classes bred many children who, despite advantages of money and education, did little to improve the nation.

Parents can be no more responsible for the children they produce than for the burdens in life those children must bear.

Intelligence comes in the most unexpected places. When the nation decides that intelligence must be trained for the good of the nation, people like the Surgeon-Commander will have to find another topic for controversy.

A Thousand Miles to Freedom—3

By GUARDSMAN A.A.

City of the 5th Column

In this true story that will never die, a British soldier has told of his daring escape from a German escort after the fall of Belgium. Making his way into France, he eventually sank down in the last stage of hunger and exhaustion. He was roused by a woman bending over him—!

I THOUGHT she was a dream, then I felt brandy bite my mouth. She was holding a flask to my lips. She gave me cold meat and bread in little pieces; it is dangerous to eat as quickly as you feel you must when your stomach has been empty for days.

I revived at once, feeling ashamed of my weakness. Without speaking she handed me a lighted cigarette. Through the smoke of it I took my first good look at her.

My Story

The Nazis will read what I say. I must not say what she looked like—whether she was fair, dark, or red-haired.

I can only tell you that she was beautiful, and that her eyes had a bright, hard, feverish, dry look; that she was slender from overstrain and loss of sleep, and that on her right hand she wore a wedding ring.

When she spoke her voice was hoarse. She said: "You are an Englishman?"

"Coldstream Guards."

"How did you come here?." She spoke sharply, like a cross-examining lawyer.

I told her my story as briefly and clearly as the bare facts and my poor French permitted.

"And you?" I asked.

"I am here with my husband."

"Where is he?"

She did a terrible thing. She pushed aside a bundle of brushwood from a heap on the ground. A face stared out. Her husband was dead. She had been sitting there with his body.

All True Men

"When did he die?"

"Last night."

"How?"

"Of tiredness. For weeks the Nazis have been hunting him. Last night he lay down and he died. I had been lying close to him to keep him warm. He stopped like a clock. They ran him to death."

There was nothing for me to say but: "I'll help you to bury him."

She said: "No, I will bury him."

I understood. She wanted no other hand to touch him. I don't know how to express it . . . they had chased him too much . . . he was too tired . . . this was a thing she had to do herself.

"He is very light," she said.

I wished that she would cry, but she didn't.

"We hate Hitler," she said. "We are fighting him. He died fighting him. I shall, too. I, also, shall die fighting Hitler. Look."

She untied a bundle and showed me a leaflet. It was crudely printed on poor paper, but it was addressed, "To All True Men."

It was non-political; just a stirring message, inciting all who were men and not slaves to fight on—fight on in secret endeavour—destroy transport, wreck machines, clog the wheel of the Nazi war machine and so help those who were still fighting the "Great Shadow of Oppression."

No Spy

"We got away, barely slipping through the Gestapo ring. The Gestapo is clever, but we have our friends even there," she said.

"I am going to join some others like me. The free souls of Germany have a radio station. We shall have one, too, and a tiny newspaper soon.

"And then, one day out of the great dead-looking mass of people under the Nazi heel, my English friend, there will rise such a tempest of hate and love—of hate for oppression and love for freedom—as will blow their murderers away like dead leaves."

I said: "You ought to be careful how you talk. I might be——"

"A spy?" she said. "No, I know men's faces, my friend. Besides, you are an Englishman—and I saved your life You would never forget that it was I who gave you to eat and drink when you lay down to die here."

"No, I'm no spy." I said, "and I wouldn't forget. They could kick me to pieces, but I wouldn't talk. But, lady—if they caught you!"

She laughed without smiling and said: "What could they do to me, to hurt me more than I have been hurt already? They could torture me for three weeks, as they have tortured others, but at the end of those three weeks, before I died, I tell you that the good God would give me strength to spit in their faces and cry, 'Long Live Freedom!'"

I said: "You're a great woman."

She answered: "If all the world were dark I would set fire to myself and burn, if my burning would make just a little light. But all the world is not dark; there are thousands like me who hate the Nazi and want men to be free. You don't see them, but they are here, and one day they will rise up.

"Freedom is smouldering always in men's souls. This"—she put back the leaflet—"is fuel for the flames to come."

I said: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you dare," she said. "Where do you propose to go?"

"To Paris," I said.

"Good."

She had finished wrapping the little bundle of leaflets in rubberised cloth. "I have no right to ask you," she said, "but will you take these with you to a house in Paris? There you will find. . . ."

She told me how to find it. Outside, she said, lay a heap of ruins, among which I was to drop the bundle and leave it. Somebody would know where to look for it.

Identity Papers

I said: "Lady, if you can throw a Mills bomb against Hitler, I can throw a packet of paper."

"I like the way you say that," she said. "Take the leaflets. If you are caught with them in your possession you may say your prayers."

She also gave me the little brandy flask and a huge sandwich of bread and meat. "I had food for two," she said.

Then she gave me something more important still: identity papers, in a name which I may not divulge. With these, I could brave any Nazi patrol.

I left her there with her courage and her sorrow. I did not look back.

Perhaps she got back to her friends and was behind one of those little secret newspapers that keep the idea of freedom burning right in the instep of the Nazi jack-boot. I hope she lives and fights, or, if they caught her, I hope she died quickly. That was a very fine woman.

She had told me the way, and I walked bravely into the suburbs of Paris, took a tram, and found the address: a deserted Paris street, a dreary place.

Fallen Capital

The ruins were there.

They must have been used as a post office for anti-Nazi material. I dropped my package and felt as if I had planted a seed out of which, one day, a magnificent tree would grow.

Paris, I was told, had fallen. Paris had fallen indeed!

All its buildings seemed intact, but I'd rather see the smoking rubble heaps at the back of Vauxhall, with the Londoners carrying on around them, than that handsome unscarred city of people who had become slaves over-night.

I saw firemen in London after a blitz—filthy with dust and ashes and sweat and dog-tired, standing among ruins. By God, I was proud to belong to the same land as they.

I saw Parisians apparently going about their daily routines in clean unbroken streets—and I pitied them.

My papers got me through. I wandered in Paris, snooping, hoping for some chance of getting out of the country. Paris, I had thought, was the centre of everything, but I was as lost there as I had been out on the Northern Plain. Nazi soldiers were everywhere.

Nazi Cunning

I looked for signs of brutality and was surprised at first to find none. The soldiers were terribly polite to everybody—too polite. It was, I learned, part of the Nazi technique of occupation.

In the old days the Hun soldiers used to be let loose . . . and then, you may be sure, there were wrongs done which were never forgotten, and terrible true stories of German lust and barbarity to rouse the world.

Hitler's agents were too clever to loot Paris openly. The soldiers had orders to pay for what they took, and they did—according to Nazi scale of charges. It was looting—only this time the looter gave his victim a receipt.

The steel fist had closed round the gay city. The theatres were still crowded—by Nazis. The actors still played—for Nazis. There were signs in thick black German lettering in the streets. The Parisians seemed stunned, bewildered.

Suddenly, like a bomb, Nazidom had burst among them. But they knew now how long the sapping and mining had been going on.

Speaking fluent French, humble, obliging, anxious to please, Nazi agents had worked in their midst hand in glove with traitors of their own blood such as every nation has the bad luck to produce.

"Fifth Column! Fifth Column! Fifth Column!" was the cry.

Hitler had undermined them. One afternoon, seeing a crowd of people on a curb, I joined them. A great car passed; in it sat a short man, pink, grossly fat, his huge mouth wet and whining and open in a tortured-looking grin.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"*Goering.*"

Paris, once the gay city, quickly became the city of grim shadows—and the city of spies and torture

The car swept past. Goering, I was told, had bought great numbers of dresses and furs for his lady friends. He and other high officers were emptying the women's shops—they had a queer liking for lacy and frilly lingerie and soft things of that sort.

I begged my way. I made friends with one or two Parisians. One was a little old man who was a small trader.

"For generations," he said, "my family have fought the Boche. I lost some of my insides to them on the Marne. My father was killed at Sedan in 1870.

"The sacrifices of all those who have fought for free France have been sold, thrown away," he said. "It was dishonour worse than death. With what joy!" he said, "with what joy would I have died myself!"

"And the Gestapo?" I asked. "Are they here?"

"Are they here! I can tell you that they are here. Look. There is an old lady. Her son-in-law the other day said something. He was not arrested, but a night or two later he went out to drink a beer. She is still waiting for him, but she will never see him again.

"The Gestapo! They are here. They are under every stone like little insects. They are under your wallpaper. But in the daytime? No.

Hunters of Men

"The Gestapo, young man, is an animal that comes out to hunt after dark. And I will tell you something: if you have anything you don't want to talk about—tear out your tongue, or, better still, jump from a high window, before falling into the hands of the Gestapo.

"They have ways of making the most obstinate talk. I can't tell you much, but I can tell you that.

"Look at little P——. He had the heart of a lion, but the Gestapo made him talk—and talk—and talk to kill twenty of his friends."

"Can I get away?"

"You must be patient. Perhaps I can help you."

I remember that. "The Gestapo is an animal that comes out to hunt after dark." The Gestapo was a shadow that hung over Paris. I was destined to learn a little about that in the next forty-eight hours.

Next Week :- SHADOW OF THE GESTAPO

This Year of Deliverance

By A. G. GARDINER

HAIL 1944! To-day we salute the New Year with uplifted hearts and confident vision. To-day the goal shines clear ahead. Stern work lies between us and that goal. Disappointments there will be, and a great price will have to be paid.

But if there is any certainty in human affairs, our victory is assured, and the New Year will bring the deliverance of mankind from the direst peril that has threatened it in all its recorded history.

This is not an extravagant anticipation, but do not let us underrate the dangers. They are none the less serious because they lie within us.

The enemy is still mighty, and, like the tiger, he may be most formidable in his death-throes. But we have his measure. By all the calculations of war his end is certain, and his days are numbered.

But we can delay the end, we can lengthen the number of his days, we can stiffen the price of victory by forgetfulness of what is at stake.

Do not let us forget. Do not let us help the enemy to raise the price we have to pay.

* * *

The grounds for anticipating victory in the New Year, assuming that we play our cards well, need no stressing. They are as apparent to the enemy as to ourselves—perhaps more apparent.

This is evidenced by their own actions and their own words. They have long since ceased to talk of victory. Defeatism is implicit in all they say and all they do.

FOR MORE THAN A YEAR THEY HAVE BEEN IN RETREAT ON ALL FRONTS. THEY HAVE SUFFERED A SUCCESSION OF DISASTERS, ON LAND, ON SEA, AND IN THE AIR, THAT WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE BROUGHT THEM DOWN BUT FOR THE IMMENSITY OF THE START WHICH THEIR TREACHERY AND OUR NEGLIGENCE SECURED THEM.

The omens of defeat crowd in on them from every side. The Axis is in ruins, and their only ally has surrendered and gone over to their enemy.

Their fortress is crumbling, and the war is being carried, night and day, with devastating violence into the heart of their own country. They have lost the command of the air, and their position at sea grows daily more desperate. All the hopes centred in the U-boat are withered and gone.

And with the winning of the Battle of the Atlantic and the conquest of the Mediterranean, the Allies are able to tighten the stranglehold of the blockade to the point of asphyxiation.

* * *

Even on the land, where their strength chiefly lay, the omens of doom multiply. The catastrophe in Russia grows to a magnitude that eclipses any military event in history—even that of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

For Napoleon had at least the wisdom to recognise his failure and to cut his losses. But Hitler's broken Juggernaut is left bogged, snow-bound, irreclaimable in the graveyard which Russia has become to the manhood of the German nation.

If we want the measure of that calamity we have only to realise the full meaning of the failure of the counter-offensive on the Kiev bulge. Into that desperate attempt to stem the tide of defeat Hitler flung every reserve at his command.

And the end is failure—failure more significant, if less dramatic, than that at Stalingrad. For the defeat before Kiev points indisputably to exhaustion.

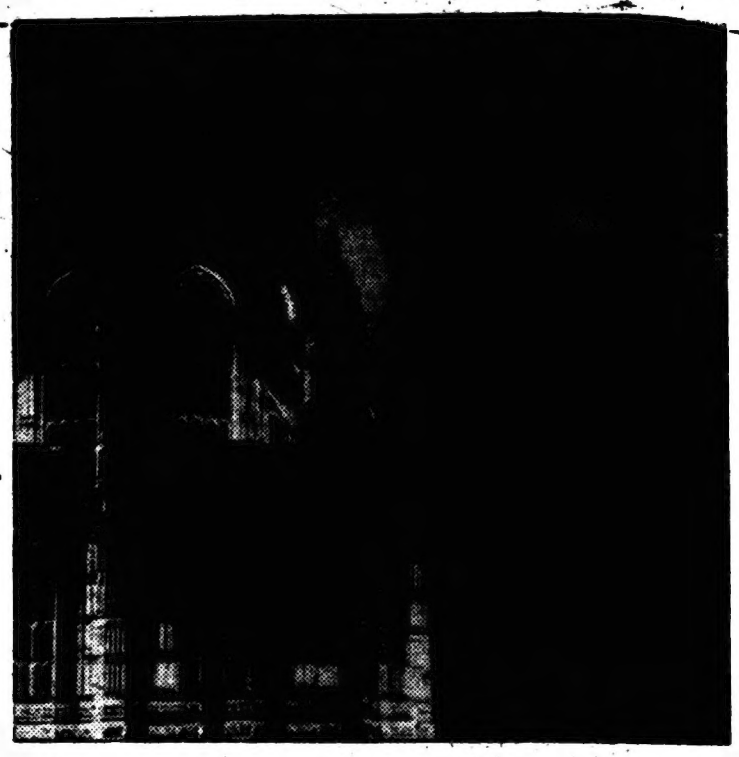
It may well prove to be the parallel to the attack on the Fifth Army by Ludendorff in March, 1918. That was the last real bid of Germany in the last war. It was a despairing effort of an exhausted machine to snatch victory out of the jaws of impending defeat.

It succeeded for a moment, but it failed in the end, and Ludendorff threw in his hand. He had used up his resources. He was bankrupt. He accepted defeat to save the remnant of his army for a later conspiracy.

When this war is over the Kiev offensive may be seen to have been the last great gamble of Hitler's Germany.

* * *

This does not exhaust the "bull" points of the New Year. The grand assault on all fronts is imminent, and the whole weight of the American army is for the first time waiting and ready to be flung into the conflict as it was never flung into the last.



When the lights go up again in London town

Think of it! A triumphant Russia, a triumphant Britain, and an inexhaustible America all preparing for the final stroke. And behind them a French army of half a million in Africa, thirsting to be in at the kill.

Add to all this the immense potentialities of the Allies in the field of production and the final breakdown of all Hitler's attempts to disrupt the Grand Alliance, and we have no reason to doubt that 1944 will be our year of victory.

* * *

If it is not, if victory is still delayed, it will be for one reason only.

As I have said before, nothing has contributed more to our escape from the deadly peril of 1940 than the solidarity of the nation, and especially the loyalty of Labour. It is that solidarity and that loyalty which have brought us to the threshold of victory.

But as the danger has lifted, there have developed both here and in America disquieting tendencies which are about the only comforting thing left to Hitler's Germany. They are more formidable in America than here, for, owing to John L. Lewis's vendetta against President Roosevelt, they are fomented from the top.

Running Amok on the Lo

THE forecast that the war in Europe will end some time in 1944 seems a safe, though not very original, prophecy.

But the end of official hostilities on the Continent will not necessarily mean the end of bloodshed.

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A prolonged, gruesome period of civil wars is likely to follow, at least in some parts of Europe.

How long this will last and what forms it will take largely depend on the rapidity, the scope and the firmness of the Inter-Allied military occupation.

But I have another, more unpleasant forecast to make for 1944.

I anticipate an appalling increase of Nazi bestiality before the end. We have already had in recent weeks the first symptoms of this final outburst in Norway, in France and in Italy.

We shall see more violence in the months to come.

Let us never forget that the German rulers are gangsters and that they have a typical gangster mentality.

They are determined to sell their lives dearly and to make their enemies suffer cruelly, especially those who are without defence.

These monsters know that they have only a few months more to live, unless a miracle happens.

★ ★ ★

They believe that they still can produce such a miracle by bringing the war to such an apex of cruelty that the whole of mankind will wish to have it stopped, even at the price of a negotiated peace.

The hate of the tortured nations, deep as it is now, will reach unsuspected depths.

It is already difficult for the Frenchman, the Belgian, the Russian, the Pole, the Serb, the [illegible] and even for the Briton [illegible] nate between the Nazi le[illegible] willing henchmen and th[illegible] German people.

★ ★

This is just what the N[illegible] it is an essential par[illegible] gamblers' last throw. Th[illegible] of revenge they hope [illegible] 70,000,000 Germans to su[illegible] to hold out, to fight, to [illegible] achieve the impossible mi[illegible] they believe could save t[illegible]

Nothing can save th[illegible] leaders.

Can anything save th[illegible] people from the total de[illegible] their country and nation[illegible] they are being led by thei[illegible]

Yes, they still can save [illegible] by increasing their resis[illegible] sabotage, and their death[illegible] fight against Nazism.

★ Victory can only be delayed if we relax our efforts: 1944 must shine with the spirit of 1940

But they exist here, and in one respect they are more sinister than those in America.

For they are not only strikes against the public safety. As that respected and responsible leader of Labour, Mr. J. R. Clynes, said in the House of Commons the other day, they are strikes against the trade unions themselves, inasmuch as they are waged in defiance of the official heads of the unions concerned.

In one quarter, which seems at least as anxious to disrupt the Government as it is to destroy Hitler, this grave warning has been jeered at as a "jeremiad." But no responsible trade unionist will question the wisdom of Mr. Clynes' warning.

Once on the slipping slope of the "unofficial strike" trade unionism would be in conflict with something stronger than itself—the spirit of the nation.

* * *

This by the way. The point here is that if this New Year is to be the year of victory there must be no slackening of our effort either in this country or in America.

The men in the Fighting Forces who are risking (and losing) their lives for us are entitled to know that the whole country is as solidly and unselfishly behind them now that victory is in sight as it was in the dark days of 1940.

They are entitled to know that none of us is giving help to Hitler.

And there is another consideration that should spur us on.

After Hitler comes Tojo. We know that in this New Year we can destroy Hitler. We do not know that we can also destroy Tojo.

But we do know that, with the first task well and truly done, the second will be speeded up and simplified.

LET US, THEREFORE, ADDRESS OURSELVES TO THE FIRST TASK WITH ALL OUR ENERGIES. PERHAPS —WHO KNOWS?—WE MAY BRING OFF THE "DOUBLE EVENT" AND MAKE THIS A "HAPPY NEW YEAR" BEYOND OUR HIGHEST HOPES.

Last Lap

Several hundred unknown members of the German resistance movement have already paid with their lives in isolated attempts to undermine Hitler's power.

The risks are even greater for Germans than for the dead heroes of occupied countries. The *Gestapo* and the S.S. are much more powerful at home than anywhere else.

But if the Germans do not lend a more active hand in the salvation of the world, they are risking a worse danger than individual death—the annihilation of their country.

★ ★ ★

Will the German people, or at least a substantial number of them, help to stop the Nazi leaders running amok on the last lap of their race to death?

That is the one prophecy which I dare not make for 1944.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Swaffer asks: Can we Turn Peace into Plenty?

IT will be a year of destiny.

Its decisions, indeed, may settle the fate of the world for generations, if not for centuries, to come.

1944 will be a year of great bloodshed.

It will be a year of ghastly, but natural, vengeance. It should be, so far as Europe is concerned, a year of victory.

1944, on both sides of the Atlantic, will be a year of political crisis.

Roosevelt probably faces defeat with consequences—unless such a man as Wendell Willkie follows him—that may be disastrous to the chances of permanent world agreements. In Britain, a Plan for the Future will either be perfected or ruined.

Disappointment

1944, moreover, may see an end of all Fascism because of the insistence of the newly freed democracies of the continent. Or else, our old-fashioned diplomatists will go on arguing, "Oh, that doesn't apply to Franco," or "Ah, but in Portugal there's a nice Christian form of authoritarianism."

Already, Franco, "the gallant Christian gentleman" who began it all, is trimming his sails.

And Salazar lets us occupy the Azores—islands which, if in our hands three years ago, would have been used so that even Portugal herself could get food more easily from overseas.

Frankly, 1943 closes in an atmosphere of disappointment. The Italian campaign so drags that what looked like an easy conquest has become a series of small engagements resulting in such slow progress that we may not reach even Rome for weeks.

Nor has the political side of it been more than disheartening to those who were anti-Fascist, and therefore anti-German, long before Mussolini entered the war.

Neo-Fascism

Even Tory newspapers now write frankly of how our support of Victor Emmanuel is a stumbling-block to the formation of a democratic government for Italy, and of how ex-Fascist generals and officials are becoming more and more entrenched, every day, in a new kind of neo-Fascism.

If that is allowed to persist in 1944—and already it is viewed with alarm by the guerilla armies and the saboteurs right across Europe—the pass to Liberty will have been sold.

Under white sheets of penitence, worn temporarily, the old robes of Privilege will be hidden—that is until Fascism, calling itself something else, reasserts itself.

If that happens, the millions newly freed from slavery may rise in their might and sweep it all away in civil wars that will lay waste what Hitlerism has left standing.

The only way to avoid either calamity is a wholehearted support of all the new liberal forces now struggling for recognition.

Millions, when the New Year comes in, will be wondering, in their agony, whether or not it is their last twelve months of slavery.

He continues to fight

America, even in its third year of war, does not yet understand its meaning. New York, I was told last week by a man just back, celebrates a Mardi Gras every night. Fifth Avenue was a Paradise for shopkeepers. The night clubs were crowded.

Battle at Home

Even in Britain we have not yet felt the pinch badly.

But, from the north-west corner of Norway to the south-east end of Greece, whole nations await our invasion of Europe and a call to rise which will result in vengeance on Nazis and Fascists and quislings everywhere.

Meanwhile, disease spreads, malnutrition reaps its harvest, and medical supplies are woefully short.

It is, indeed, the most pitiful New Year in all human history.

Teheran's plans were made. Where, while the Red Army strikes, will our landings be made—in Denmark, or France, or in Yugoslavia or Greece?

To us, it is a matter of curiosity. In the countries concerned, it is a matter of life and death.

In towns and cities, in villages and hamlets, right across Europe, innumerable Germans are marked down for death, directly the hour for striking comes. Meanwhile, pestilence stalks abroad.

Who will win, in Britain in the coming year, the battle over post-war planned economy? You see little outward evidence of the plotting that is going on behind the scenes to keep the old competitive system on its throne.

Bad as was their organisation, all-powerful as was the three-Party truce opposing them, anti-Government candidates did, last year, surprisingly well at the polls. The voting gave proof that, if the truce were broken, there would be a great swing to the Left.

This was true even in Canada, which, after South Africa, is the most politically backward of the Dominions. There, the Co-operative Commonwealth Party, which advocates common ownership of all the public services, is expected to win the next election.

Although Canada may not poll till 1945, America, which is still "playing politics," faces an election next November. Unless, in the summer, Roosevelt is nominated, the Democrats will almost certainly be beaten.

Even if, with his eve-of-the-poll fireside talk, he becomes President for a fourth time, he will, in all probability, be nearly powerless because of the strength arrayed against him in the Capitol.

Here, the future seems clearer—two years, or perhaps four, of post-war government by the Tories and then a big swing to the Left.

We Must Hurry

But, however far from the Right things move in Britain, they will seem stable, I am sure, compared with the events in Europe.

As I see it, the overwhelming success of the Red Army will profoundly influence opinion in every one of the conquered lands, directly they are freed.

Whatever plans may be made in London, in Washington, or in Cairo, it is in what are now vast prison camps where the real decisions will be made. Will France, for instance, care for what De Gaulle says or what Giraud advises? I seriously doubt it!

But, after all, Time may be the great arbiter of events. Every day that passes means that more and more of the potential builders of a new Denmark, a new France and a new Greece have died of hunger or of wounds.

Soon, unless we hasten, there may be little left to save.

And, even if we hurry—even if our invasion begins next week—it may still be true that Nazidom, in its death-throes, will bring down nearly everything else, just as Samson brought down the walls of the temple.

How can we rebuild a Europe full of rickety children and starved adults? And how can we turn what is only a blind lust for vengeance into a zest for permanent peace?

That is the main problem that faces 1944.

Russian Justice

Vengeance is not enough.

The justice of Kharkov cannot be indicted. Yet what good did it do?

Thousands had been murdered, some with torture, and so four of the murderers were hanged while a crowd looked on. The judges could not sink to the bestiality of the criminals who would have died, by natural means, in a few years anyway.

I can only reflect on the ineffectiveness of human punishment and murder. "But what else could the survivors of Kharkov do?"

In arguing that, I also ask, "How many executions of war criminals would stop another war?"

Peace can only be established by the building of a system in which people share the world's bounty instead of first wrangling over it and then coming to blows.

Only in brotherhood, and not out of enmity and hate, can it be born.

Meanwhile, the armies of vengeance close round a Germany that soon will be beleaguered.

Nazidom, before long, will end. But—what is to succeed it?

1944 may show.

GENIUS IN REVERSE

Mrs. Fluke, the lovable landlady, is known to her friends as a big-hearted "strong character"—a character specially created for JOHN BULL in 1939 by a story-writer with an international reputation. Now she reappears, as bright as ever . . .

WHEN the taxi-cab drew up outside Mrs. Fluke's house and Mrs. Fluke herself descended gingerly from it, the homecoming was noted with interest at more than one neighbourly window.

It was years since Orsetto Road, South Kensington, had seen the owner of No. 12 decked out in all her finery, and it was a sight well worth waiting for, too.

Mrs. Fluke teetered in the middle of the pavement as the cab circled, waving in reply to an arm that waved gaily from the dark recesses of the cab, then, with the feathers in her hat sailing bravely, she braced herself anew against the death-grip of her corsage and climbed the steps into her house.

Miss Garbett, the new tenant of the first floor front, met the middle-aged landlady in the hall.

"That Mr. Hobhouse!" Mrs. Fluke groaned. "He'll be the death of me yet! My feet have murdered me. Give me a hand, dear, will you?"

Together the two ladies eased the strain amidships and got the high-heeled shoes off.

"*Aah*" breathed Mrs. Fluke ecstatically. "I don't know as how it isn't worth suffering the agony for hours just for the relief when you *do* get 'em off in the end. Never again! That Mr. Hobhouse!"

"I heard you'd gone out to lunch with him up West," Miss Garbett said.

She also knew that for years this Mr. Hobhouse with his easy-going ways had been something of a favourite of the landlady's. He occupied a small room at the top of the house and was given the use of a shed at the far end of the garden.

Beyond the fact that he was supposed to be an inventor of some sort and littered up the house with all sorts of mechanical contrivances, here and there, Miss Garbett did not know much about him.

"I like a man as can be generous with his money, when he's got it," said Mrs. Fluke. "Owed me seven months' rent and hardly a penny in his pocket. But I knew he'd pay. It isn't often I make mistakes. Well, he does things in style, I mussay. The prices in that restaurant! And eight-and-sixpenny seats at the Odeon!"

"COME into money?" Miss Garbett asked.

Mrs. Fluke in her bedroom slippers was making a cup of tea.

"Perverse. That's the only word for it. There's something perverse about that man. Of course, he never grew up, and that's a fact. Like a schoolboy still and he's nearer sixty than fifty.

"Why, for three years we had to put up with that patent ticket-machine he invented, standing in the first floor bathroom before he had it carted away.

"Supposed to give you your change as well as any ticket you pressed the button for, but only time I tried it for a ticket to Covent Garden it emptied 18s. 4d. on the lino and give me a ticket to Shoreditch."

"I suppose a relative died, or something?" Miss Garbett broke in again.

"Work! Why that man worked like a nigger. Never happy unless he was taking things to pieces. His idea of heaven was a gluepot and no one to bother him

"See that switch? Well, that's the switch as puts the lights out in his workshop down the garden. Only way to get him up for a meal.

"He's been with me for years, of course, and he's that good-hearted and forgetful—well, you can stand a lot from a man like that. Remember Mr. Das's electric clock?

"Well, he was an Indian gentleman I had on the third floor. Nice, quiet, inoffensive little gentleman, he was. He dropped his electric clock and he'd only just paid a lot of money for it. Mr. Hobhouse said he could mend it for him, and I mussay he spent days taking it to pieces and giving himself shocks.

"Well, it seems when he'd mended it and put it back on Mr. Das's mantelpiece it went all right, but the time it showed never seemed to make sense until after a few days Mr. Das found out by watching it careful that it was going backwards.

"NOTHING Mr. Hobhouse could do would make it go the right way, so he changed the figures on the dial to read round backwards and set up a mirror so that Mr. Das could see the right time if he looked into the mirror instead of at the clock. The things that man thinks of."

"I heard only the other day of a girl who inherited——," Miss Garbett began.

"I've never heard that Mr. Hobhouse had any relatives. But something always turns up, doesn't it, dear?"

Of course he never grew up—like a schoolboy still

"It looks like it with Mr. Hobhouse. Was he left—much?"

"Who? Mr. Hobhouse? Why, nobody's left him any money, dear. Absent-minded? I've never seen anyone like him. If it wasn't for me to keep after him he'd never remember anything.

"It's not often he has any money, of course, but when he has he could never tell you how much he had in the first place, or what he's got now. That's why I banked the cheque and am going to keep an eye on what he draws out. Just before the war a man sold him an old tramcar—that'll show you what he'll buy when he's in the money."

"Easy come, easy go—as they say! One thing the war hasn't stopped is football pools."

"When that man first came to me he'd just invented some eye ointment, working on a special formula he'd got hold of. I lent him the money to make up enough of the stuff to have it tested by a big firm of chemists. When they tried it out something had gone wrong, for a touch of that ointment practically skinned the back of the hand of the scientist who was testing it."

"What a disappointment for the poor man!"

"Disappointment? They sold it as corn-remover, and the chemists are still making a fortune out of it."

Miss Garbett concealed her surprise by taking a sip of tea. Mrs. Fluke in her stockinged feet was waggling her toes in front of the glowing gas-fire. "Did Mr. Hobhouse win much?" she asked.

"I think they paid him about £200 for the formula of the ointment. But that was years ago now, dear. He's invented all sorts of things since then.

"When one of my gentlemen on the fourth floor fell over an insect-trap Mr. Hobhouse had set out on the landing at the top of the stairs I let him use the shed down the garden."

"What sort of insects, Mrs. Fluke?" Miss Garbett asked nervously.

"Mostly flies, so he said. That contraption was made of wires. I forget what came of it. Let me think. Yes, it was no use as a fly-trap because you couldn't get any fly living to go into it. Mr. Hobhouse sold the rights in it as a meat safe, and I believe the firm that bought it has done very well with it."

"I SUPPOSE it was one of the big prizes he won?"

"Two-thirds of the stuff that man's invented here in my house was useless from the start. And you'd never believe the things he's invented. Busy! He's always busy at something or other."

Miss Garbett tried again. "He seems by all accounts to be doing better than bread-and-butter now! Plenty of cake, what with lunches up in the West End and taxis and things. I suppose now that he's drawn his cheque from the promoters he'll be leaving you?"

"Leave here?" Mrs. Fluke laughed indulgently. "He'd be lost, dear! No, he won't be leaving Orsetto Road. But what d'you mean—promoters?"

"I thought you said the gentleman had won a sweepstake, or a football pool."

"Mr. Hobhouse! He's never heard of them. No, dear. He went round to the Admiralty yesterday and they gave him a cheque for £2,000."

"Two thousand? Whatever for?"

FACES LET THE VOICES DOWN!

THERE are voices on the radio that I really like. But, odd though it might seem, I never seem to like the voices I do like on the radio quite as much as I did like them after I have seen the faces they come out of.

When I know nothing about the B.B.C. people but the sounds they make, I have to make a good bit up. And—like a lot of other people—I'm pretty good at making a good bit up.

For many years I have liked books without pictures. Because the artists who drew the pictures never seemed to see the scenes, and never seemed to see the characters, as I saw them in my mind's eye.

When I read a book I always have to make a good bit up. Who doesn't? And it's really a good game. It's half the fun of reading a book. Unfortunately the illustrator always makes another good bit up, and it's always the wrong bit. We never seem able to agree.

So that now I like it to be just the author and myself. And the artist can take a long walk.

★ ★ ★

It's just the same with the personalities behind my loudspeaker. I like it to be the voices and myself. The photographer can take a long walk.

The photographer, indeed, has shattered my illusions too often.

I used to have a real pet of a voice. I listened to him whenever I could, whether he had anything of interest to say or not. And of course I made up a good bit about him.

I made up his broad smile and his dimpled chin, his crinkly hair and his expansive waistcoat. I knew him as well as I knew myself. We were great pals.

And then, one day, I saw his photograph on the paper!

★ ★ ★

He was thin and hollow-cheeked and mean-looking and conceited-looking and furtive of eye. He looked like King Rat out of a pantomime, with glasses on. It was terrible.

And I've never really been able to listen to him since. He still *sounds* broad of smile and dimpled of chin, crinkly of hair and expansive of waistcoat. But I *know* he isn't. I've *seen*.

Until I knew what he looked like I think I'd have lent him a pound or two at any time. Now I know that if ever I meet him I shall ask for my watch back.

There are others, too, in the loudspeaker. Big strong men who have proved to look like glasses of water. Happy chatterers who have proved to look like mutes in a heavy business depression. Men of keen brain who have proved to look like anybody's snaps.

Whenever I know now that there's going to be a picture of the face attached to a famous and friendly voice, I dodge it like poison.

I'm glad I never saw a photograph of A. J. Allen. I know he can't possibly have looked like *that*. My illusion may be only an illusion, but I prefer to keep it.

I'm glad, too, that you've never seen a picture of *me*. After all, I've got my living to earn. . . .

A. G.

By
B. L. JACOT

Mrs. Fluke inclined her head sagely. "There's something in that man's touch," she said. "He's got a great gift, and no error.

"It was his last invention. He's been working on it for years. Ever since the war. I've never known him so wrapped up in anything before. He's had it almost finished a dozen times and there was always something wrong. It would of wore down a weaker man. But not Mr. Hobhouse!"

"What was the invention, Mrs. Fluke? Important?"

"Anyone could have told him it was important right from the start. It was a listening-post—a lot of electrical gear so that you could hear a submarine through water miles away. Detector apparatus, he called it.

"He'd keep adding bits and putting in electric motors and then still bigger motors and things to make it more sensitive and more powerful. It wasn't till last month that he'd got it as he wanted it. Just right. Ready to detect anything made of metal, almost anywhere.

"They took it round to the Admiralty in a lorry and, I mussay, it weighed about a ton, by itself. When he demonstrated how it worked—or should have worked—something must have gone wrong.

"ANYHOW, they took it down to Gravesend for the test and the funny thing is, when something went wrong with the motors it made such a din it deafened them. And they swear that they could hear it back at the Admiralty here in London."

Miss Garbett was puzzled. She set down her teacup with a genteel touch. "Then why did they pay him the two thousand pounds?" she asked.

"The Admiralty bought the invention," Mrs. Fluke explained, "to use as an alarm on battle cruisers with the fleet. They reckon it should be very successful. . . . . But here we are, gossiping away, as if I'd nothing else to do except go gallivanting about with that Mr. Hobhouse!

"Hand me my stole, dear, will you? There's one thing about a stole as you've got fond of, and that is it gets you used to the smell of camphor, doesn't it?"

Sir Alexander Maxwell, of the Home Office, has done fine work to "humanise" prisons. But remand homes still disgrace us all

SENTENCE falls from the lips of the chairman of the Juvenile Bench. The parents weep.

Dimly, the young offender comprehends.

He's being sent away. To make a good citizen of him. Yes, that's what the man said.

To make a man of him. It all depends on him now.

It's no use sentimentalising about the parting from parents, home, friends, unless the judgment has been harsh—which fifty to one it has not.

Children who have never done a wicked thing deliberately have to be torn away from home, too.

Problem children, so that the little twists can be ironed out.

Little Children

Neglected children, because home isn't *always* the best place.

They go away, and there is usually good reason for their going.

But are we always satisfied with where we send them? Let me present a few ominous details about some of the places to which they are committed.

Manchester magistrates recently committed to the care of the local authority two boys aged nine and eleven whose parents were accused of neglecting them.

In all, there were five little children in the home complained of. Perhaps because three are easier to manage than five, these two were sent away.

Soon the magistrates revoked their order.

They were told that the boys had been sent to a ward of old men with senile decay, that four men had died while they were there, that one boy, taken to the mortuary, had since complained of "staring eyes."

Then a Wednesbury magistrate told of naughty boys who had been sent to a remand home.

They found themselves in the same building, he said, as demented people.

Law's Delay

He added that there were magistrates who refused to sit on juvenile panels while such conditions existed.

Altrincham magistrates sent a boy of fourteen to prison because there was no suitable home to which they could send him. I am not blaming the magistrates at all, but the people who are so slow in providing the machinery to make good citizens.

And then there's the affair of the socks!

The magistrates at the East London Court had a boy of fourteen before them and noticed that his socks were a mass of holes.

Now these are more enlightened days than those in which Oliver Twist looked like a rag-bag. So the magistrates asked whether boys' socks were not mended at the remand home.

To which came the reply: "Not since the girls left"—presumably a reference to some war time change in the management of the institution.

Perhaps a small matter, socks. But can we honestly tell a boy whom we are going to snatch away from his home that it all depends on him when we are going to shatter his self-respect so lightly?

In the main, our juvenile magistrates either commit children to approved schools or remand homes.

Some do neither, because they get fed up with being told that all the places are full.

Sometimes youngsters who have been committed to approved schools for a period of years are sent to a remand home to await a vacancy.

They may stay in the remand home anything up to six months.

Yet the period spent in such detention does not count towards their detention. A child may be torn away from its home another six months because of official dilatoriness.

Action Needed

This, becoming known to the child, usually rankles as an injustice, may lead to his absconding or some other defiance of discipline which will earn him still further punishment.

I have mentioned Oliver Twist. I have had to restrain a temptation to talk of Bumbledom, for I am by no means satisfied that all local authorities show much concern for the youngsters consigned to their "care."

Indeed, the whole system of remand homes and similar institutions is a matter for local action.

Here's one topic at least in which it's idle to blame Whitehall!

The Home Office does not—indeed, cannot—supply the remand homes.

Lack of Funds

It cadges among charitable bodies, persuading *them* to open such institutions.

The poorer charities have to run them cheaply—cannot afford to employ the right kind of staff.

And there aren't enough of them, anyhow, so that while you have boys waiting in remand homes for vacancies in approved schools, other children wait in approved schools until such times as they can enter remand homes.

It is muddle all the way.

And until it is straightened out we have no right to tell children—in that hour in which we plant them at their first cross-roads of life—that "it all depends on them."

It depends even more materially on others—and some of those others are letting them down badly.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Oliver Twists Who Deserve More

Do You Help a Millionaire?

MOST people have to deposit money with an electricity or gas company before they can get supplies.

One of them, a Ruislip reader, was surprised to get an account recently from the Northwood Electric Light and Power Co., Ltd., which included: "Interest on deposit, 1s. 7d. Less income tax, 10d. Amount due, 9d."

★ ★ ★

She knew that even at the higher rate income tax was at the rate of 10s. in the pound. And here she was obviously expected to take the lesser half of the interest due to her. So she wrote to me.

The Inland Revenue, whom I consulted, wondered whether the company had forgotten a ha'penny from another year.

"But, in any case, I doubt whether a company can ask for income tax at more than the agreed rate in any financial year," officials said.

And another point arose.

The old age pensioner, who has a pound deposited with the company, and who shouldn't pay income tax at all, is obviously being asked to pay income tax on her invested mite at the same rate as the millionaire electricity consumer—who may have a very big deposit with the company in respect of his mansion, and should be paying at 19s. 6d. in the pound.

"Ah," the company tells me, "but don't forget that the people who pay income tax at our request, and shouldn't, can get a refund by applying to the authorities."

My answer is that this is a matter of mere pennies—big, perhaps, to the poorest consumers, but mere pennies nevertheless.

If these claims for refund were general the Inland Revenue would probably spend more money investigating refunds than it would get from this source.

In any case, people who shouldn't be paying 10s. in the pound income tax (slightly more in the case I have quoted) shouldn't be asked for money unless they are told, which they are not, that they are entitled to refund.

★ ★ ★

And I trust the Inland Revenue authorities prove to *all* these companies they are wrong—even those who may not be so ready to learn.

For it is hateful to see poor people who shouldn't pay income tax at all paying a share of the millionaire super-tax payer's burden to the State, however small.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. C. Anthony, North Street, Riddings, Derbyshire, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited with information about any suspected ramp or scandal calling for inquiry. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HUMAN MACHINE

Clearing Up

There was never yet a storehouse that was not the better for a periodical tidying up. Things that were useful once are no longer so.

And this applies to the storehouse of the mind as much as it does to the garden shed or the kitchen cupboard. There was never a mind yet that wasn't the better for a good inspection and clearing out.

Those cherished beliefs of long standing—how did we come to hold them? They're not necessarily true just because they are beliefs! Can we justify them? Can we produce any evidence to support them?

And these ideas about our neighbours and acquaintances? We've had them a long time—but are they really in accordance with facts? They may be—but it might be just as well to check them.

Then there are all those prejudices, those likes and dislikes, for which we should, if we tried, find it so hard to give a rational explanation. It wouldn't do any harm to see if we really need to keep them all. Maybe there are quite a lot we can throw away if we only think about them.

And there's one other thing we can always take out of our mental storehouse, look over carefully, and discard—and that's our bad habit of mixing emotionalism and reason.

Above all other pieces of rubbish, this causes us most trouble, and it's the one we seem peculiarly unwilling to part with.

Anyway, a good clearing up every once in a while does us all a world of good.

FRANK S. STUART says they are building your air lines now

Across the World for £20

This is the "York," the version of the Lancaster bomber that has been designed for peace-time traffic

FASCINATING things are going on behind guarded doors in the world's greatest aircraft factories. Not only in Britain and the United States, but in France, Germany, Italy and elsewhere, work is actually in hand on the first of the luxurious after-war liners of the air.

The chairman of Saunders-Roe has announced the construction by his firm of a 220-seat flying-boat with a 4,000-mile range, and a power-plant of 18,000 h.p.

Unofficial reports of the Bristol "Beauty" speak of a 12-motor landplane with a 5,000-mile range.

In America, Consolidated-Vultee are building a 400-passenger landplane for the trans-Atlantic route.

It's Enormous

Glenn Martin, whose Mars flying-boat, with the capacity of a sixteen-roomed house, has just passed its acceptance tests for the U.S. Navy, is working on a liner to carry 100 passengers each with 80 lb. of luggage, and 25,000 lb. of mail and cargo.

This machine will fly passengers from New York to London quicker than the train will take them from New York to Chicago. Mr. Martin has estimated fares at about £45 single and £80 return for the transatlantic trip, at first.

Juan Trippe, President of Pan-Americans, perhaps the most experienced air transport operator living, has said that his firm, more than a year ago, gave orders for fifty 153-passenger Clippers.

All this intense activity is intended to meet the call, which many air experts think will come within six months, for big-scale civilian air services as soon as the war stops.

But a deadly peril exists that this expansion, instead of being controlled as a public service belonging to humanity, will be fostered as an instrument of power by individuals and nations.

Not only does that way lead to the crippling of the air giant, but to a warping and twisting that will make that giant a terror over all our heads.

If a cut-throat competition were forced on the Empire over air routes, we who hold in every continent except South America facilities for the world's key airports and whose designers are second to none, could equal the best.

But such a competition, and, in fact, anything else except a measure of international control of long-distance air services, would mean disaster for the world, national rivalries, secret building, and everything that makes for war. We want no more of that!

Given international agreement and control, the air can be as safe or safer than any other method of transport.

When an American air liner crashed recently, it marked the first fatality in 750,000,000 passenger-miles on the nation's scheduled air routes. Pan-Americans, in the trans-Atlantic service, have flown 7,000,000 miles in 1,500 crossings, and carried nearly 50,000 passengers, with only one accident. Kings and Presidents now travel habitually by air.

One great argument in favour of international control of long-distance air routes lies in the fact that modern airports are not worth building on an adequate scale if the air is to be a sphere of uncertainty and rivalry.

Plans drawn up by one of our leading designers for a London airport show runways nearly three miles long compassed to meet any prevailing wind, a flying-boat lagoon three and a half miles long, and machinery to handle 8,000,000 passengers a year, and deal with 100 long-distance departures per hour at busy times of day.

Idlewild airport, now building to serve New York, has thirteen miles of runways, and five miles of paved taxi strips. Projects such as these are enormously costly to build and maintain, and though they could make very great profits in a peaceful world, they would become white elephants if every nation and firm is to scramble and sulk in the pre-war way.

No one knows how much aircraft built as freighters will develop in post-war years. At first, they will not compete with ships and railways for transporting heavy goods.

It would take 200 aircraft of present size to move the cargo of one Liberty ship the same distance in the same time. The aircraft would need more than ten times the crew of the ship, and the cost of operating such aircraft would be several hundred times higher.

At first, air freighters will carry bullion, films, fashion goods, newspapers and similar urgent and non-bulky cargo. But Henry Kaiser is now building a 16,000-h.p. 180-ton flying-boat with a wing span three times that of the biggest bomber in operational use to-day.

Rocket 'Planes

American big business is not spending millions of dollars on the prototype of that size merely to carry frocks and films.

Leading British designers with whom I have spoken are very interested in the possibilities of rocket-propelled aircraft for use soon after the war.

Rocket-'planes will eventually travel at speeds far beyond the biggest petrol-driven machines, and very much more payload and less fuel will be carried.

This will increase the range of freight possible as a payload, and will bring down air travel prices. How low these will be within two years after the war, no one can yet estimate.

Wing-Commander White, an air transport expert in the Australian House of Representatives, has said that emigrants may be encouraged to travel by air from England to Australia at a cost of £20 for the trip. Pan-American experts have mentioned £20 as the trans-atlantic single fare within a few years.

Hundred a Week

Already, the Atlantic is being flown several hundred times a week as a regular thing. Coast-to-Coast crossing has been done in six hours five minutes. An aircraft has flown from America to Australia in 33½ hours instead of the 60 days taken by pre-war passenger ships.

It is unlikely that any point in the world will be more than 60 hours from your home by air within 12 months from now.

Already, passenger aircraft are flying that carry about seventy passengers in real luxury. You can smoke anywhere aboard except in the flight compartments. They can fly the Atlantic while you are enjoying your night's sleep in a comfortable bed in a private cabin. Civil aircraft have flown to Russia and back between breakast and tea.

Safety devices developed to serve bombers are being adapted for these machines. Fog and ice are almost completely defeated by radio devices and new systems of airport control.

Ten Million Miles

British Overseas Airways alone flew more than 10,000,000 miles unarmed in 1942, and that figure will be greatly exceeded this year; yet enemies lurk in every sky to shoot them down. When the drone of passing bombers has died away and we can look up and see the long rows of lighted windows that mark the Sydney Mail or the New York Express, passenger miles will run into millions a week.

One of the biggest opportunities of a co-ordinated world service for humanity lies immediately before us to-day.

Britain needs a Ministry of Communications to control her internal air services on national service lines; the Empire should create an Air Board to line-up and control all its air interests; and the United Nations should form the nucleus of an Air Board to control air trunk routes and the principal world airports for the good of the whole world of men.

Only so can we avoid clipped wings and the risk of more war.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

ON service with the A.T.S. in the Middle East, Pte. A. P. Pullen writes to her father at Park Grove, Derby:

I know how much you would enj wandering about the more colourf parts of Cairo. You could spend hou there enjoying the sight of stran people, some of them a wee bit sinist Certainly not the people you would a home to tea.

. . . Yesterday four of us went to party, where a local family made welcome. We strolled in casually—a then we nearly died! The orchest struck up "God Save the King," as we were members of the Royal Famil After that we sat upon golden chai upholstered with star-spangled emera green satin, and were served with lit cups of carnation petal tea, salted nu and cigarettes.

Afterwards I had to eat more than wanted, as an Egyptian stood by me a kept refilling my plate, taking no noti of my repeated reassurances that I h already had sufficient.

Feeling rather full, we returned to golden chairs and listened to charmi Egyptian singing.

SWIMMING IN SALT

Meet Pte. R. P. Karwandanda, a Cingalese boy, now serving with the M.E.F., who writes to friends at Whitton Dene, Isleworth, Middlesex:

The leave camp is at a wonderful sp near the sea. There are concerts eve night given by E.N.S.A. at the open-a theatre which has been built at the si of a huge sandhill.

I had time for a 400-mile three-d trip to Trans-Jordan, Jerusalem, Beth hem and the Dead Sea. Swimming this sea is marvellous. You can read newspaper as you float about. The rig place to learn swimming.

Think of all the lives that would ha been saved if all the seas had been ma like the Dead Sea!

WAYSIDE GRAPES

"Uncle Bertie," otherwise Sgt. A. E. G. Pool, serving in the Middle East, unbends in a letter to his two little nieces, Molly and Jean, of Somervell Road, South Harrow:

I wonder what you would say, Mo and Jean, if you saw fat bunches grapes growing along the roadway, a oranges, beautiful big ones, growing the gardens!

So far I have not seen any of the li and tigers that you asked Aunt Ve about, but I have seen plenty of snak monkeys, wild dogs, eagles, hawks, gi frogs and thousands of red and bl ants. Also, I have found two baby liza which made a home in my respirator.

Mountains and Molehills

MAKING mountains out of molehills is a very common act, it is losing life's proportions to emphasise a simple fact. It's a habit when indulged in, leads us into ways unguessed. Exaggerating humble happenings gets life very over-stressed.

SOMETIMES this can mean disaster, for mountain-makers always seem to watch for slights quite unintended; they turn a mote into a beam. Any chance word one may utter is seized upon and held to book, till in the end one hardly knows the way to act, or speak, or look.

IS there, then, no way to counter this alarming way of life? For it's most mountain-makers who seem to cause most of life's strife. They see things which, seen by others, are passed by as not worth while, but every dark incl they discover is stretched till it become a mile!

MAKING mountains is an outloo which is mentally unsound; it' building more above the surface tha can be supported from the ground. also lays a brooding shadow across th precincts of the heart. So, if you're no a mountain-maker, God bless you, an please never start.

J. M.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

Indian natives travel hundreds of miles to worship at rock temples

INDIAN PAGEANTRY

Fairyland in India is described by L.A.C. H. F. Fisher, R.A.F., in a letter to his parents at Russell Street, Cambridge:

The celebrations at a famous Mahara-h's palace made a stupendous spectacle. r first evening was spent outside the wn, viewing a magnificent display of eworks and illuminated fountains and terfalls, which lay at the base of a nt dam, two miles in length. The aming waters and fountains were odlit in colours, which turned the ce into a fairyland.

Next day we visited the Summer lace, which is perched on the summit a hill. About a thousand feet up came to an enormous bullock carved t of the rock, round which a party natives were saying their prayers, ssing the feet of this giant animal in ne, and decorating it with flowers. ese natives travel hundreds of miles pay homage to the Sacred Bull.

We found the palace with its golden mes glittering in the sunshine. In nt was a large courtyard packed with gaily uniformed personal troops of e Rajah, whose approach was signalled a fanfare of trumpets, followed by e crash of bands swinging into stirring usic.

That night there was a ceremonial torchlight procession, including many elephants dressed in full gala attire. It was a proper circus!

CURING A COLD

The Mediterranean seems a long way to go to find a new cure for a cold, but Cpl. W. F. Why, R.A.F., serving in the Middle East, made the discovery, and writes to his parents at Cookshall Road, West Wycombe, Bucks:

A local family gave us hospitality in a house by the sea, and I had a good time until I developed a cold and a 'acking cough. At this the grandma of the family took me in hand, felt my pulse, my forehead, shook her head and sent me to bed. Then began her method of cold cure, which is the queerest, and most effective, I have ever experienced.

First she produced a collection of twenty small glass jars, which she heated and then stuck on my bare back . . . all of them, and they were very hot. In spite of my protests, the "cure" went on.

The old lady argued that the suction of the hot glass jars would draw out the cold. Anyway, having removed her hot jars from my reddened back, she rubbed in some liniment. The "cure" may sound a bit complicated, but it worked, and in the morning I was as fit as a fiddle.

GRAND PIANO

Out in India, L./Cpl. J. Casson, Somerset Light Infantry, finds a grand piano in the most unexpected place. Not a very good piano, but it served its purpose. He writes to his brother at Castlemain Road, Peckham, London, S.E.:

We have a recreation room near our billet, and, wonderful to relate, it contains a grand piano, of all things! However, not so wonderful to relate, it must be over a hundred years old and sounds like a cross between a barrel-organ and a banjo.

Yet it serves us well, and on this instrument I accompany our "Glee Party." The results are not quite up to concert-room standard, but why should we worry. I have a notice well displayed, which is an appeal to casual visitors urging them not to shoot the pianist, who is doing his best. Our grand piano music seems to please the Indians. They like weird music!

All Set for Invasion

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

POST is still a major problem. Long series of unforeseen incidents have delayed the sailing of vessels engaged recently in certain areas, and mail deliveries have suffered.

But seamen and their families will understand that such happenings under *present* circumstances are unavoidable.

"Forum" has been asked officially to pass on a special message: If seamen or their folk are dissatisfied with mail deliveries they should send particulars of the query or complaint, with dates of posting, empty envelopes if possible, dates of delivery, or any other known *facts* to the Crew Mail Section, Ministry of War Transport, London, W.1.

All possible help will then be given to you.

But the complaints must be genuine.

Recently a section of the crew of a big ship wrote to this column claiming delays of up to one month in mail delivery. The complaint was traced back and forward across 6,000 miles of sea, and investigations proved conclusively that the query was without foundation. Letters of this type will get us nowhere!

Meanwhile, "Forum" points out certain little known facts; parcels sent to merchant ships MUST comply with various rules and regulations of the Export Licensing and other authorities in Britain, and with Customs authorities of the country in which such parcels are to be delivered.

If possible, readers should avoid sending parcels to men in foreign-going merchant ships, but if they still wish to do so they first should ask the shipowners whether it is practicable to send a parcel.

Next, the Radio Officers' Union seems to be in some doubt about pay and status of its members. "Forum" would be interested to hear more on this vital point, either from officers or the union executive.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

WHAT WAS YOUR FINEST HOUR?

SEVERAL weeks ago the members of the Brains Trust were asked what was the supreme moment of their lives, but the answers were not remarkable—joining the Army, getting married, broadcasting for the first time

Still, they have inspired this interesting question from a reader:

I joined the Army in the last war and married soon after I was demobbed, but the two most outstanding moments of my life were shooting the winning goal in a hard-fought football match for our local team, and passing an important examination when I was seventeen.

Two very simple things when seen from afar, but at the time they seemed terrific, and the exhilaration they gave me surpassed anything else I have ever felt.

I have had other thrills, but never quite equal to those I have mentioned. I wonder if I ever shall again? Does the power to be thrilled fade out altogether as one grows older?

Some people become *blasé* early in life; others retain a sense of youthfulness till they are grandfathers. It depends on the temperament.

Would shooting the winning goal be the finest moment in a man's life?

I think the reader enjoyed being the hero of the hour. He was probably cheered by the crowds, was praised and flattered extravagantly for a time, and he liked it immensely!

When a man gets older he is more likely to be thrilled by the triumphs of his children than by anything he does himself. He gets no flattery for those things, but he enjoys the reflected glory. The pleasure is less self-centred than the incidents he remembers with so much satisfaction

Now let me put a question or two:

What incident in 1943 gave you the greatest happiness? And what was the supreme moment in your whole life?

A totally different poser comes from a British-born Irishman in our Civil Defence Services:

I HAVE some good friends at my post, and they think, as I do, that this war must be won at all costs.

But now for the fly in the jam. In my section there are two conscientious objectors who were "coached" before going to the tribunal, and evidently got away with it.

If there are any items in the daily papers criticising the way the country is being run they drum it into us at all times. It is very galling to listen to them. One of them is my leader.

I have been on the mat because of my attitude towards them.

After my last reprimand I was told to try to avoid trouble, but I ask you—how can I avoid it? I have a son in the Merchant Navy, a daughter serving with the Forces, and my third is waiting to be called up any day now.

To find myself alongside these dodgers sets my temper on edge. I cannot stick it any longer. What would you advise me to do—ask to be transferred to another post or try to get them transferred?

WHETHER it is possible to get the men transferred is doubtful, because they enjoy criticising the country. If the reader asks to be moved to another post he will solve his personal problem, but that does not "stop the rot."

Conscientious objectors (genuine or fake) are not the only people to scoff when things go wrong. In a Fascist State there would be no objectors and critics of the Government would be "liquidated." We have to pay the price for our freedom.

These two men are part of that price. The majority of people ignore them or laugh at them, but I am afraid the Irish reader finds it hard to refrain from "socking" them.

If I were in his place I should go on enduring as long as I could. There is no danger of his being corrupted by them.

Then I have two letters from women who are afraid to be alone in the house at night The first has a husband in the Forces.

I have had all kinds of advice, she writes, but the usual thing is to tell me to try to master my fear. I have had a year of it, and I don't think this kind of fear can be mastered.

I always trust your opinions, and wonder if you can tell me whether a cure is possible. There must be hundreds of women living alone these days. Are they very brave? Or is it that I am soft, giving way to emotions I should have mastered long ago?

THE other reader's fear is more tangible. She had a burglar in the house some time ago and dreads another.

My husband is only out one night a week, she says, and I am ashamed of my fear when I think of the women whose husbands have been on active service for years. But I don't seem able to shake it off.

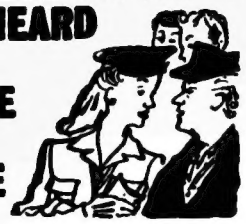
She ends by asking me if she ought to consult a psycho-analyst.

I suggest that the presence of a small dog in the house might solve the difficulty. A psychologist might discover the origin of the fear and do something to reduce it, but it would take a long time and be very expensive.

It is better to be scared of a burglar than to be afraid of shadows, ghosts, and things that go bump in the night.

Recommending a small dog may not sound very scientific, but I know it has been successful in helping other lonely women in a great many homes. Why not try it?

OVERHEARD IN THE QUEUE



"... No, I don't mind the washing, but that wooden mangle I've had to put up with does take it out of me so —*and* out of the clothes!"

"That's where I'm lucky; I was able to find one of those lovely ★Acmes just in time—just before war broke out—and it's been doing overtime for the neighbours ever since!"

"Well, I was only saying to Jim the other day that if post-war planning gives everyone an Acme I'll be more interested in it. And won't I be thankful to see the back of mother's old-fashioned wooden-roller mangle."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer does your fleeciest blankets as easily and as safely as your sheerest undies—thanks to rubber rollers and Acme's patented 'cantilever pressure.'*

EASY, QUICK

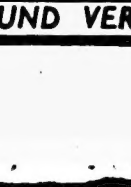
Almond Cake

Extra delicious, made with eggs!

To make this lovely Almond Cake, you need: 2½ oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 2 level tablesp. dried eggs (dry); 4 tablesp. water; 8 oz. flour; 2 level teasp. baking powder; few drops almond essence. Milk to mix.

Cream margarine and sugar, beat in dried eggs (dry) and add 2 tablesp. water. Mix flour and baking powder and add with flavouring, remaining water and sufficient milk to make a soft consistency. Bake in moderate oven 1½-2 hours. This cake is as light and flavoursome as if you'd used fresh shell eggs.

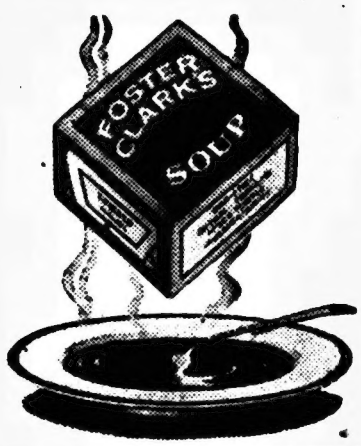
Remember, dried eggs have all the goodness of shell eggs, for they're fresh new-laid eggs with only the shell and water taken away.



Don't mix dried eggs with water till your are ready to use them.

2 packets of Dried Eggs per ration book available during present 4-week period

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London



FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

FEED – WARM – NOURISH

STILL PRE-WAR PRICES

Make do with ONE slice of RYVITA with each meal

WE MUST SHARE IT ROUND VERY CAREFULLY

LAST LAUGH

BERT (Balham).—"I can tell a married woman anywhere." But not much.

SUSIE (Malvern).—"This habit of young men to-day of growing toothbrush moustaches has no real excuse, has it?" It is a habit that grows on one.

T. T. (Kensington).—"Some people seem to think the way to the millennium simply means the setting up of new Governments." And some people favour stringing them up.

F. D. (Epsom).—"I find if I lose my temper I also lose my appetite." So you don't overeat when you get overheated?

T. C. (Motherwell).—"My father, who has been deaf for over twenty years, has never known the pleasure of listening-in." Pleasure?

G. R. (Birmingham).—"Waiters in my town have formed a football team." Their opponents would be well advised to be on their guard against unfair charging!

ANGLER (Lanark).—"I fought for half an hour before securing the salmon." We have a tin-opener like that, too.

H. L. (Portobello).—"Our neighbour recently threw a hambone into our garden, so do you know what I did?" Made soup with it?

SERGEANT (Italy).—"When German prisoners were being escorted back to our lines, Italians pelted them with grapes, which were the nearest missiles they could get." The grapes of wrath, eh?

W. S. (Ayr).—"While out duck shooting I accidentally shot a pretty flapper who was hiking along the river path." Your bag consisted of one ducky.

DORIS (Suffolk).—"I have just married the young doctor who attended me after a car accident." You were shaken before taken?

SPORTSMAN (Bowes).—"Deliberate hacking of the shins is gradually creeping into war time Rugby." We have always feared that it would one day get as rough as bridge?

D. M. (East Coast).—"Do you know what I was doing when I heard the sirens last night?" Yes, listening.

G. L. (Balham).—"The taxi-driver had the nerve to charge me double fare just because it was foggy." Perhaps he could not see his way clear to do it for less?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill was just about to play the Baron, in Red Riding Hood, when unfortunately a stray bomb fell back stage at the H.G. drill hall.

Side-Slips

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"... prompts a reader to describe an effective LOOK that was in use twenty-five years ago."

WORCESTER NEWS AND TIMES: "... a young woman alleged to have taken an eleven-weeks-old baby from a pram in the charge of a SIX-WEEKS-OLD girl."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL: "... but Reuter's special correspondent states that BUTTER and heavy counter measures by the enemy may still be expected."

DARLINGTON NORTHERN DESPATCH: "A slim youth of medium height with a shock of brown NAVY hair ..."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Yes, the man was wearing an Army greatcoat all right.

But as his other attire consisted of shabby dungarees and leaking old boots, the policeman who saw him had to ask questions.

No, he was not arrested. The police are not like that when they know the facts, although they said he mustn't wear the coat again.

Quite simple facts they were. Knight was the name. He had just left the Royal Navy with tuberculosis.

Pension (on which he had to maintain self, wife, and children of thirteen and ten): £3 3s. 6d. a week.

True, many people get considerably less. Our Greatest of These Fund is always helping such. But consider the special circumstances:

When she has paid rent and insurance, and provided the meagrest light and heat, Mrs. Knight has £1 0s. 6d. to make do on.

Furthermore, her consumptive husband needed special nourishment. And there was the fact that, on leaving the Navy, he should have completely refitted himself.

The budget won't permit it, of course.

And so the children lack for boots and, when dad went out to draw the pension that was going to mean so much, he had to wear dungareees (lacking even trousers!) and don his brother's Home Guard greatcoat in the hope nobody would notice.

Help us to help Knight—and so many others like him who can be bought out of their misery for so little. Send a donation (however small) to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, W.C.2.

We bear all administrative expenses. And we'll gladly send a list of current expenses on request.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,405

FIRST PRIZE £50

Miss R. Grainger, 144, Wilmer Road, Heaton, Bradford, for this "Bullet":—

IN THE NEW BRITAIN
"MANNA" FALLING? MAN ARISING!

£10: R. G. Malcolm, 3, Sannybank Rd., Quinton, Birmingham.
With A New Resolution—We'll Close "War's Diary."

£9: D. Hilsley, 67, Natal Rd., London, N.11.
When The Illuminations Return—Don't Forget *Freedom's*, "Torch"!

£8: L. Gittleman, 21, Oak Rd., Leeds.
Legacy Of War—Flattened Cities—Fattened "City"!

£7: L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester.
In The New Britain—*Sir* William, The Conqueror?

£6: H. Parks, 669, Lovely Lane, Warrington.
At Sandy's Footy—Played "Hunt The *Thimble-ful*"!

£75 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

£5: W. C. Upton, 12, Salisbury Ave., West Kirby.
In The New Britain—Hitler On Old Brits.

£4: Mrs. H. Bowen, 139, Ellmans Ave., Slough.
Feeling Lonely—Don't Begin "Inviting" *Pity*!

£3: P. Wilkin, 14, Irton Rd., Southport.
Looks Marvellous—To Mother, Sonny's Algebra.

£2: W. A. Selby, 7, Wilfred Rd., Ramsgate.
At Sandy's Pub—"What's Yours?" Wasn't His!

A list of 50 winners of £1 can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 480 PRIZES
WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 147

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order B—C—H—K entered by following 16 competitors, who thus share £50, each also receiving Xmas Cake:—J. S. Aldred, Ilkeston; F. W. Budds, Birstall; G. Christie, Glasgow; J. Dalgliesh, Edinburgh; H. H. Eggleton, Lowdwater; F. L. Gatenby, Cuddesdon; Mrs. E. Hayes, Blackpool; Mrs. F. MacIlhose, Cardonald; Miss A. C. Nicoll, Whitby; Lieut. W. J. Papworth, Somewhere-in-Britain; L. Roberts, Chirk; M. Scotchmer (please send full address); H. Sheward, Willesden; W. J. Watkins, Pebrunn; C. F. B. Whitham, Barnsley; J. T. Williams, Llangunnock.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 64 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above—2nd Runners-up Awards for 269 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "BASKET."

AIR-PORTRAITS FROM YOUR OWN SNAPS

BRITAIN doesn't seem so far away when he receives photos of his dear ones. If you send us a good negative with clear details, we will print it on an Airgraph form ready for your message.

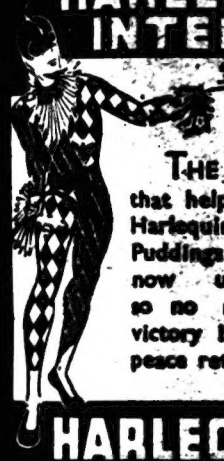
Price 3/6

5/- if from print. Postage 6d. extra.

Send p.o. and Negative to:

THE GRATISPOOL CO. LTD.,
Isles Lane, or 207, William Street,
Leeds, 11, Glasgow, C.2.

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL



THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

Why not be

AT YOUR BEST In The Year Ahead

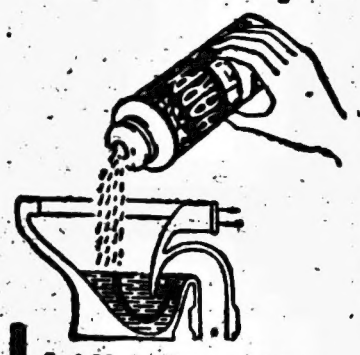
EVERY woman wants to look better, to feel better, in the year ahead. Bright eyes, clear complexion, girlish figure, are the hallmarks of inner well-being.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans build good health and good digestion while you sleep. They tone you up, remove constipating food wastes, keep you vital, youthful and energetic. To make certain of always looking and feeling your very best—

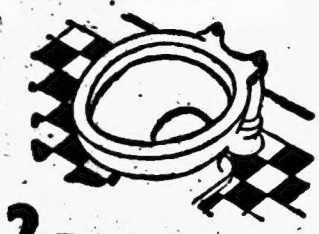
By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

How to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorises the whole pan.

Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

HARPIC

New Models for New Times

Post war

KERSHAW

SOHO CAMERAS will be

Better than ever

Busy Woman

FINDS QUICK WAY TO RELIEVE

Stomach Trouble

Read this tribute to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder :—

Dear Sirs.—I am a housekeeper, 47, looking after two war workers and an invalid, and am thus a busy woman. A few weeks ago my stomach started giving trouble . . . I got so weak that I had to rest. Then somebody recommended your Powder and almost from the first dose I felt a different woman. . . .

(Sgd.) N. H.

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion, and in safeguarding against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer. Price 2/3 and 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form 7d., 1/5 and 2/3 (inc. tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

SKIN TROUBLES HEALED QUICKLY!

PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS

Valderma is now prescribed by eminent Skin Specialists in cases of Impetigo and Barber's Rash, with most successful results; ask your Doctor. Pimples, Boils, many forms of Eczema, and other skin eruptions clear up quickly. Ten times more deadly to germs than Carbolic Ointment, Valderma's soothing properties start their healing work *at once*, and, being an oil-in-water emulsion, it allows septic matter to pass out easily which might otherwise re-infect the sore place. Valderma acts quickly—heals many skin troubles in only a few days.

A Doctor writes about it:

"I am so satisfied with your Valderma that I would like you to send me a further supply, as nothing I have tried has proved so beneficial. I have recommended a brother practitioner to try it, as he has had difficulty in finding a suitable remedy for the cases under his care."

Signed . . . M.B.

VALDERMA

ANTISEPTIC BALM

White, agreeable to use. Stains neither linen nor bedclothes. Get a 2/- jar today from your chemist.

Pleased to say he is now free from

LUMBAGO

"For the past three months I have been suffering from Lumbago. I tried various remedies without success and A WEEK AGO I WAS ADVISED TO TRY FYNNON SALT. *I bought a tin and*

AM NOW FREE FROM PAIN, *this pleased me so much I thought I would write and let you know."*

(*Signed* : R.G.W. of Devonshire.)

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and kindred troubles. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

Take

Fynnon Salt

If you suffer from

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS or SCIATICA

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (323)

EXTRA NEW YEAR CASH for "LAUGH-LINES"!

IT'S QUICK—IT'S EASY!

TRY out your sense of humour in this entertaining Contest by enjoying the amusing *Bullets* below—then make your entry by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed on coupon. Post your entry not later than Monday, January 10, and some of this increased New Year prize-money may well be your reward.

£100 PRIZES TOTTLE OVER

£75 FIRST PRIZE
1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Stiegsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Father's Friends—Push Dad—Bell—Off!
B. Woke Up The M.P.—"It is Time, Gentlemen—"
C. Voice Of Humanity—Sergeant's, When Addressing *Mule!*
D. Just Like Auntie—Parrot—Enjoys "Sly Nip."
E. "Hands Up!"—She Shrieked, Brandishing *Henpeck.*
F. Superhuman Effort—And Recruit's Bugle *Squeaked!*
H. Army Cook—Returned My Braces, *Stewed!*
J. The Sea Was Rough, So—Dictator Had Admiral Shot!
K. Battle Of Wits—Keeping Grandpa Off Crimea!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COUPON BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with Bullets entry.

1st 2nd 3rd 4th

FEE 2½d PER COL. Is. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 22.

P.O. Value..... No.....
Signed .....
Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JAN. 10.

158

OVER 460 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First 4o entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Two divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

OTHER PRIZES £10 · £5 · £4 £2 · £2 £1 · £1 25 £1 PRIZES

DOUBLED for the NEW YEAR FIRST!

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Jan. 21.

VOYAGE TO VICTORY
ANOTHER YEAR
ROUND HITLER
COUNCIL OF WAR
ALL READY
HONOUR AND GLORY
HELPS EVERYBODY
MAN ON TOP
WITH A MIGHTY CRASH
GRIM TRUTH

BULLETS 1,405 RESULT appears on page 14

WORKING LIKE MAD
SONNY'S EDUCATION
ON THE MARCH
SLOWLY BUT SURELY
ONLY A FLEA-BITE
CANTEEN CAKE
TO MAKE THINGS EASY
MOST UNFORTUNATE
WITHOUT THINKING
HUBBY'S ON LEAVE, SO

Mix "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

TO STOP .....
GOOD OLD .....
COAL IS ....., SO
WHERE TO.....
NEEDS MORE .....
GIRL IN A .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, any remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 22. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, JAN. 10
1,406

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,406—or "Laugh-Lines" 158, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

This national figure is still the symbol of all that is best in Tobacco manufacture—Player's Navy Cut—a name justly famous for excellent and dependable quality.

Player's Please

M.C.T.518

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

FROM DEADLY DIPHTHERIA

Have your child immunised against this dreadful scourge which attacks 50,000 children yearly in Great Britain and causes between 2,000 and 3,000 deaths. Immunisation is a proved protection. It involves merely two or three SAFE and simple treatments which are available to you free through your Council Office, School or Welfare Centre. Don't delay—act at once.

THE RADIO DOCTOR says—

"Immunisation is the Safeguard"

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education

D16/718

Why you should buy National Savings Certificates

- Because your Savings will be absolutely safe.
- Because every 15/- invested becomes 20/6 at the end of 10 years: an increase equal to compound interest at £3.3.5 per cent per annum free of Income Tax.
- Because they are easy to buy through your Savings Group or War Savings Centre, or at a Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.
- Because you can get your money back at any time, plus any interest your Certificates have earned up to that date.
- Because, in addition to being allowed to hold a total of 500 Certificates made up of the 15/-, 15/6 or 16/- issues, you can also hold up to 250 of the £1 issue. This latter Certificate is worth 23/- at the end of 10 years. Increase free of Income Tax. Both the 15/- issue and the £1 issue can be bought outright or acquired by instalments by purchasing 6d., 2/6d. or 5/- Savings Stamps.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

● Easy to buy ● Easy to hold ● Easy to cash ● Absolutely safe

Issued by the National Savings Committee

"AREN'T WE PALS ANY MORE?"

Pleasant friendships cool off only too quickly, if anyone's guilty of Oral Offence. Don't risk rebuffs. Start to-day—use Colgate Dental Cream, the toothpaste that makes your mouth fragrant and keeps teeth agleam.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

Doing Night Shifts?

Night-work makes demands upon more people today than ever before. In some callings it is always *necessary*, even in normal times, but it is never *natural*. Vitality rises and falls with the clock, and the 'small hours' find it at low ebb. At that time work takes more out of you. Put it back with Yestamin, the food-tonic which is all pure Vitamin Yeast—energy building, nerve-restoring. Yestamin will sustain you at your work and give you sound, refreshing sleep when the time comes. It promotes mental alertness, too, gives you cheerfulness and confidence. Reckon the value of these things against the mere penny a day that Yestamin costs and act accordingly. Start on Yestamin today—and stick to it!

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST
TABLETS & POWDER
1/1½d. & 3/3d. per bottle. | 1/6½d., 2/9d. & 4/- per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

"Walters" Palm Toffee

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING
Best Coupon Value!
Controlled price 6d. per ¼ lb.

Think in-STEAD

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

KEEP CHEERFUL!

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (*incl. tax*). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

"I don't worry about Backache. I take Doan's

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